Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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PROTESTANTISM AND THE WORLD'S NECESSITIES

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[*This is the third article of the series on World Restoration. The first,* "Judaism and World Restoration," *by the eminent rabbi, the Rev. Dr. Joseph Silverman, was in the August number; the second,* "What Ails the World?" *by the Rev. Martin J. Scott, S. J., was in the September number. In November Mr. Frederick Dixon will write from the Christian Science point of view.*—THE EDITORS.]

PROTESTANTISM is a living branch of the Christian Ecclesia, bearing fruit after its kind, but capable of far more fruitfulness. As a world movement at the front of history for the last four centuries, it is not without the taint of reproach incidental to human admixture. Some of its developments, past and present, have shown that, as a rule, men are farther advanced in political than religious ideas. Fed by the faults as well as the virtues of its progenitors, it boasts no unblemished record, nor asserts for itself a fictitious infallibility. It must be received for its intrinsic values to society, which have been realized in every realm of life, and are not liable to extinction by ecclesiastical fiat. Constructed at infinite sacrifice, cemented with honest blood, productive of eminent spirits and manifold services, and resting upon principles which exercise a legitimate and wide dominion, Protestantism now confronts the world situation which tests the fitness of historic institutions and systems to survive. Shall it perish, or prove itself the master of a grave and well-nigh universal emergency? This is the core of the issue discussed

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here, and also an indication of the indefeasible obligation, not only of Protestantism but of the Church Catholic, and not only of the Church Catholic but of all civilized and humane persons and States.

I

At the moment the outlook is not particularly cheerful. Professor E. A. Wodehouse, a considerate and keen observer, states that the churches at large, and specifically the Protestant churches, have lost touch with the thought movements of the age and no longer mould public opinion. In a period when every department of life and action vibrates with immense possibilities for good or evil, their voice is practically dumb. He further says it is a matter of general comment that while complicated and perplexing problems accumulate on every side, the churches offer no solutions. Moreover, in the vile genesis of war's intentioned outbreak, some churches played the harlot with the State, and supported its betrayal of Christendom. What counsel or direction can such pseudo-guardians give to our insurgent age? Without authority, remote from reality, unreal in attitude, bemused by things that are no more, they move in their diminishing spheres of retrospect and quotation, having no elucidation and little comfort for the ardent souls who fight the hard battles of outer life. The indictment reveals the academic in his less trustworthy and partial views. If the optimist believes too much because he sees too little, the pessimist complements him by seeing so much that he believes too little. One does not have wholly to acquiesce with Professor Wodehouse's severe arraignment in admitting that although the churches have shared in the general progress of the time, they have also paltered with some beggarly elements of reaction, cant, bigotry, and spurious liberalism. In the sequence they are heavily assessed: but they have means of payment and also of recovery.

Comparisons with the mediævalism which Protestantism shattered are often unfavorable to the latter system. The pre-Reformation period was certainly solidified by a common religion which incorporated its faith and politics in the Papacy and the Empire. Yet the supremacy of the spiritual power did not rep-

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resent the undivided result of mediæval thinking on the subject, though we find much in contemporary writings which suggests that conclusion. The real task of the statesmen of the Middle Ages was to devise an efficient machinery for individual safety and social protection. This task was ever before them and conditioned their intellectual habits. It should be noted that they had a more distinct apprehension of the supreme obstacle to all betterment than have men of our day—viz., the depravity of human nature, and the resultant strength of disorder, truculence, and treachery. To some who are impatient of the present and careless of the past, those people who carry little baggage with them, the laborious studies, beliefs and aspirations of long vanished priests and publicists will appear as nothing more than the annals of incoherent error. But those who closely scrutinize the outstanding figures of mediæval life will not treat lightly or ignorantly religious leaders who established a world-society which bowed to spiritual as well as to temporal rule. This achievement marks the standing difference between the mediæval and the modern ages, and not a few enlightened souls devoutly wish it could be repeated in the twentieth century. Its forces are but dimly realized in a materialized and secular period. Nevertheless they once enshrined themselves in cathedrals and universities, in abbeys and schools, as the monuments of that "golden age of faith." They were expressed in the royalty of St. Louis, the unrivaled intellect of St. Thomas, the beatific sanctity of St. Francis, the scholarly devotion of Roger Bacon, the epic of Dante, the eloquence of St. Bernard, and the statesmanship of Hildebrand. To unfriendly critics who look upon the centuries between the Apostolic age and that of Luther as a night of unclean things, it is apposite to say, Go and do likewise: tame the savage instincts of militarism and nationalism as those former Churchmen tamed turbulent aristocracies and rude peasantries; regenerate and confirm afresh, as they did, the unalterable belief in a Divine Order to be realized here and now. Their treasures were contained in frail and earthen vessels, but they mediated between their coarse surroundings and the ethereal ideals and emotions which seemed so distant from the grosser iniquities and grotesque customs of the time. Their strength came, as all

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strength comes, from an exuberant vitality; an original passion which regarded every evil vulnerable, and every pursuit of holiness feasible.

Had that strength been exhausted, the saving succession of lawgivers and magistrates running through the center of Western life and morals would have been broken. Because it remained steadfast, Protestantism is here, as its joint heir with Catholicism; and it should pause to recall that its mighty ancestor, mediævalism, collapsed. The pressure of nominally Christian States was too heavy for the federalism of Church and Empire. They could beget but they could not govern them. While northern nations broadened in their ethical susceptibilities and political claims, the Papacy yielded to the fascinations of the Italian Renaissance. Its international sympathies narrowed, its traits and tendencies were provincialized. The glamor of rank and ritual, the remonstrance of a venerable hierarchy, the stilted formulas of Aristotelian theology, alike disappeared in countries beyond the Alps. A resistless tide of combined popular sentiment and intellectual rebellion submerged Catholicity, but at the same time it irrigated a germinal freedom the full fruition of which has still to be seen. The memories of that momentous rupture, charged as it was with good and evil, should sober every lover of religion as the keystone of social architecture.

I hold no brief for the traditional churches, yet what follows may perhaps be set down with propriety. The Eastern Church is at present torn asunder by wars and sorely afflicted by ruthless persecution. The Roman Catholic Church appears serene upon the surface, and wears the mantle of a comforting tranquillity. Yet its Bishops are conscious that no ecclesiastical organization is proof against the demands of democracy that it shall have limitless sway. They no longer negotiate with princes and premiers, but with the peoples, to whom the Popes address their appeals for social justice and international concord. Should the Holy See bring about a reconciliation with the Eastern Church, and the Eastern Church, purged by her martyrdom, transform her ministry to the Slavonic and Greek races, then the Reformed Churches must meet a counter stroke far more formidable than that dealt by Ignatius Loyola. Nor do I question

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the motives behind this sagacious policy. It is inclusive, consolidating and preservative of things that should not be permitted to die. For there is no essential divinity in majority votes, and even democracy is liable to nod. Who, then, shall shepherd the shepherds themselves, even though they be the redoubtable champions of popular sovereignty? And where shall such a sovereignty obtain higher sanctions than numbers can confer?

II

Sons and daughters of the Reformation are under heavy bonds for the good behavior of Democracy, and of its concomitants in Nationalism, Socialism, Industrialism and Capitalism. Having helped to draw the wine, they have to regulate its drinking. Should it prove too heady a tipple for under-nourished brains and moralities, the world has a right to call upon Protestantism for an explanation and a remedy. It is easy to talk about the progress linked with our paternal faith; but there is no progress, as the term is usually understood, apart from ethical progress. Far more important than the sale of indulgences in the sixteenth century was the rise of Capitalism, the abolition of the old economics, the release of individual energies in other than spiritual avenues. The founders of modern trade and manufactures were sheltered by the spirit of revolt against hierarchies and feudalisms. Socialism and even Bolshevism now aim to supplant Capitalism as it once supplanted Feudalism. We witness the creation of a monstrous governmental engine in Russia, more complicated than those of mediæval monarchy and the Renaissance Papacy, and far more destructive of individual liberties, rights, and moral obligations. Protestants are dealing, not with Tetzel or a Medician Pontiff, but with Lenine, Trotzky, and other less notorious but scarcely less influential malcontents and despots. If the Reformers asserted anything, it was religious independence; freedom of conscience, of thought, of utterance, as against monopolized authority and uniformity of belief. Their protest created forces which travelled beyond their desires, and were reduced first to a spiritual, then, later, to a political philosophy. This philosophy culminated in the Revolutions of the eighteenth

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century. The search for an economic philosophy ensued, and is now in process, embarrassed by selfishness and greed, and by the errors and crimes of preceding eras. We, as Protestants, cannot dodge the historical consequences of our ancestral policy. The prime service we can render the world is to set our own house in order, that we may wisely apply the teachings of the New Testament Evangel and of Old Testament ethics to the phenomena I have named. The useless quarrel with modern learning should cease. The wastes and confusions of denominationalism should be done away with. The foundations of a true social science should be laid, with allowances for the human equation. And not only Protestantism, but the whole Church of God, and all rightly disposed people, will have to find or make room in the divisive institutions of mankind for the universalism of which genuine Christianity is the living soul. In brief, reintegration by means of pacific interpenetration, and without concessions to the baser elements, is the capital business of the Church, as it is the crying necessity of the world, Probably it will be a slow process, moving with Time's ameliorating drift, and exterminating many cherished prejudices. But the course it takes is the important matter.

I do not plead for the pleasing of hypercritical ones who ask for better bread than can be made with wheat, nor for the satisfaction of anæmic starvelings who crave a fool-proof world. Still less, if possible, should apostles of the mundane be coddled. They would explain away every religious mystery, and sterilize the finest spiritual instincts. The jaded moods of the secularist are no more helpful than the fanatical harangues of the zealot. Too many suppose that men and women who have an intelligent faith should always retreat before those who either have it not or make it repellent to their fellows. The ostentatious triviality of much current opposition and fault finding is unable to conceive the realities of Protestant conviction. A great deal which is paraded as modern thought is not thinking at all, but simply a deplorable conglomerate of erroneous ideas which will not subside, despite repeated exposures. Illogical, capricious, irrelevant, this type of mind takes short cuts, in cross country fashion, to coveted conclusions. But there is an intellectual realm of true

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scholarship, occupied by men of profound and scientific learning, which Protestants should regard with reverent affiliation. Our fellow Protestants have a large representation there, and they share in its illustrious achievements. Those mistaken clergymen and laymen who attempt to placate an effete orthodoxy by strangling the thinking and inquiry of that realm will fail, and they ought to fail. Believing souls cannot long escape the invasions of organized knowledge, nor is there any need to evade them. It is the sole function of science to deal with visible realties. It is the sole function of religion to deal with the boundless realities of the invisible universe. It is the function of a well equipped Church to heal the breaches of faith and intellectualism by its vital correspondence with the love of truth. The center of its trust is neither a creed, nor a book, nor a cosmogony, but a Person and a Life. It assimilates whatever is assimilable, because it administers the ultimate life and law of human being. It supplements science and learning without defaming them. Warned by its past annals and by the futility and hollowness of ecclesiastical conflicts with knowledge, it welcomes every verified conclusion as an addition to the truth which sanitates society. The research that matures and disciplines the reasoning faculties is grateful to such a Church, because its own vehicles for communicating spiritual verities are thereby enlarged. The casual and purposive interpretations which all learning presupposes and religion supplies are among the world's chief needs. It implores us for a spiritual ideal in more complete accord with the meditated experiences of life. And Protestantism should fulfil its request without forfeiting intellectual integrity at the behest of blind obscurantism.

III

The second measure of internal reform is the revival of Church consciousness and loyalty as differentiated from sectarian allegiance. The vine is more important than any single cluster of grapes that grows upon it. Unification, the opposite of separatism, is being carried onward by the swing of the pendulum. The rhythmic movements which govern everything, making day follow night, the tides ebb and flow, and even civilizations to

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have their day and cease to be, are plainly pushing Protestantism toward a new and unaccustomed oneness as the forerunner of Catholicity. Voluntary consent is advisable and gracious, but a glacier-like thrust cannot be withstood. Our fate is never in our own hands; a fortunate thing indeed, and one which has repeatedly baffled the foes of the Church and heartened her offspring. Whatever are the merits of denominationalism, and certainly I do not doubt them, it has seen its meridian. Revised and corrected histories have induced in formerly fierce sectarians the virtues of sympathetic understanding and forbearance. Many rancorous disputes that the theological courts aggravated are composed by the evolutions which history describes. Those who observe aright the unfolding scheme of the Divine Society throughout the ages gain the true perspective which is the best criterion of the past. Without it, men magnify the meaningless, slight the important, and inflame the antagonistic. Protestantism cannot lodge order in chaos, lawfulness in freedom, unity in multiplicity, unless it reduces sectarian fervors and belittlements. The disruption of the Church has not been, and never can be, absolute. Her disciples coöperate in philosophy and dogmatics, in Biblical criticism and exegesis. Literature and hymnology testify to the one life which pulsates in her different branches.

Again, denominational cleavages are bequeathed rather than acquired: artificial rather than real. Men and women are born into their various denominations, and carry there marked temperamental differences. Every great religious body, as Dean Inge comments, has individual members who are natively institutionalists, or moralists, or mystics. And yet again, the antiquated causes of Protestant separatism have been mainly political and not religious. Not a few have lost their justification and persist as melancholy tokens of the combative spirit. Their isolations sever the Church from a sufficient jurisdiction over the spiritualities which are her peculiar care. She cannot well offset that apotheosis of the State which was the source of our recent undoing. It is to the Church, and not the State, that the distracted world should turn for a model organization, consisting of the entire congregation of the faithful, gathered out of every nation, fused into a spiritual homogeneity, and securely

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founded upon righteousness, justice, mercy, and redemption. He is the benefactor of his age who thus conceives the Church, and esteems her capable of still higher unity, loyalty and efficiency. The second contribution of Protestantism to the world's sorest needs should be a first class example of fraternal unification. That world which refuses to be either entirely Protestant or Catholic does not desire Christians to make a transient truce, but to arrive at a just and settled peace within their ecclesiastical borders. Until they do so, what right have they to preach peace to separated and suspicious States?

IV

Dr. Robert William Dale, in his tribute to the Evangelical Revival, contrasted its success in religious individualism with its failure to bring about social betterment. Some intense Evangelicals of today seem determined to maintain this woeful disparity. They resent the entrance of the Gospel into the broader relationships of life and disparage what may be termed the spiritualized communism of their brethren. Yet the humanities inspired by the Gospel are its unanswerable apologetic, while non-social extortion which combines plunder with prayer is a stumbling block to Protestantism and an offense to mankind. Commerce and its sustaining trades and industries have grown to huge proportions since the sixteenth century. The subsequent multiplication of classes and groups, the bitterness engendered by constant disputes between employers and employees, the secession of millions of artisans and workers from the ranks of church membership, compel the sorry admission that after two thousand years of tenure institutional Christianity has yet to present to the world an adequate plan for the insurance of social justice.

Protestantism should approach the social problem aware that the mass, as distinguished from the self, must be upraised by consecrated Christians who surrender themselves, not from fear of the domination of the unfit, but in the spirit of brotherhood, to coöperation as against competition. To be passive before known wrongs or content to purvey to exclusive circles withdrawn from the grim realities of toil and poverty, breeds the exotic religiosity which cripples some Protestant pulpits, and

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makes their respectability a byword. On the other hand, the recoil from these affectations has caused many Protestant clergymen and laymen to rush to the other extreme and there inject the virus of misstatement and exaggeration into their utterances on social issues, disdainful of the delirium that may follow. It is not by chance that the hopeful features of a just economic, as immune from the plagues of anarchy as from those of autocracy, are found in Christian commonwealths. We shall enhance its future by faithfully dispensing the Gospel of righteousness which covers all theories of social betterment as the sky over-arches the landscape. It is regrettable that this has not been done sooner and more generally. Formerly there was no raving about eradicating the evils of capitalism by confiscation, nor were the earlier social reformers the enemies of property as such. But while Churchmen were vainly perturbed about explanations of the Trinity or the duration of the future punishment of sin, Marx and his associates proposed, under the shadow of dynastic autocracy, that men, instead of sharing their poverty, should share their wealth.

Socialism administered by the collectivist State has little in common with Christianity. Its essence and aims are frankly materialistic. For the godless and the cruel it has become a creed of force, and they have made it the predacious evil of the time. For its more amenable adherents it is the creed of peace, to be reduced to practice by persuasion, and the decisions of the majority. Other followers who cannot detect its inverted dogmatisms and subterfuges are Socialists mainly because of the manifest inequalities which fortify those dogmatisms and subterfuges. The sane verdict rendered by responsible thinkers of the Anglican Church is that prevalent economic abuses are not the accidental but the normal product of the present system. This verdict, once it is adopted by Protestantism, as I hold it must be, will end its fatalistic attitude toward social iniquities. It will then proceed to their extermination as its third primal duty. America's low valuation of human material, the smug arrogance of its native citizens, its reluctance to admit citizens of other races to reasonable social and commercial fellowship, are rapidly disappearing. We are learning that we have received more emigration than we can digest, and that in our haste

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to exploit national resources, we have retarded national progress. Surely in the United States, if anywhere, Protestantism can develop its nascent Catholicity by means of a cosmopolitan life which furnishes even more material than we ask.

V

The last and perhaps the greatest immediate service which Protestantism can render the world is to redress the balance between Church and State. Behind the seething spirit of revolt and the wild stirrings of public opinion lies a deep seated distrust of nationalism as the source of war. Since Hegel announced that the State was absolute, an end in itself, and the organon of its own moralities, the cult of militarism has been both exalted and cast down. Its semi-divinities are now depressed but not vanquished. The peoples of Europe, betrayed by perfidious rulers, are obsessed with fear lest the Hegelian doctrine should revive, and another Baal be set up in blood and terror. It is this dread which explains three-fourths of our international and diplomatic imbroglios. Revolutionary labor, pleas and counter pleas for the mutilation or the restoration of Germany, the French alliances with Poland, secret treaties with the Turk, and the chronic excitement of the Balkan States, can be traced to the determination that the white race must not permit another orgy of massacre. Protestants who believe that the leadership of that race will not survive a second world war see no possibility of preventing it save by the increased control of Christianity over international affairs. But to gain the control, they must be Christians first, and nationalists afterwards. Situated as we are, between Pagan traditions which ennoble tribal relations and war, and Christian teachings which pledge its end in universal brotherhood, the choice must be made as to which we shall hereafter obey. For had not the Church been narrowly defined by nationalistic boundaries, and defiled by an idolatrous subservience to the State, the good the late war accomplished might have been obtained without shedding of blood, and the incalculable evil it left in its train might have been avoided.

Whatever may be said in praise of patriotism, surely it is limited by righteousness and subordinate to justice! There is

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need for lucid thinking at this point. The conception of the State as a concrete part of the "Absolute" in which all opposites are reconciled, suits Cæsarism, but it does not explain the verities forced upon us by dreadful circumstances. This "Absolute" has neither organism nor purpose. It is neither personal nor impersonal. It possesses no qualities for good or evil. Its asserted perfection is a myth. As a metaphysical dream, skilfully elaborated, without moral character or consistency, Hegel's ideal is a striking illustration of the havoc wrought by erroneous speculation. It destroys the freedom of the individual by consigning him, body and soul, to the State. The essential differences between the State and the Church and between the State and society at large are lost in the process of consignment. Because much organized human life is outside the purview of the State, its alignments traverse State frontiers. The reaction against the fatal heresy that the State is unconditional and supreme should be promoted and yet restrained by the Church. The moral attainments which she emphasizes are produced by self-determination as against mere impulse. But how can self-determination operate if the State is all and in all? Protestantism has a mission to guard the ethical and religious truths which enrich every political heritage. It can show that the claims of the individual upon the State and of the State upon the individual are reciprocal. But both sets of claims are conditioned by the fact that man's obligations as a spiritual being must be duly honored. The State is a body of persons, recognized by each other as having rights, and having a constitution for the maintenance of those rights. Thus, while the State is more important than any citizen, it cannot be indifferent to the rights of any single citizen. The Church is, as I have said, the congregation of God's faithful people upon the earth, who unreservedly accept the spirit, the life, and the teachings of Jesus Christ as their standards of belief and practice. And if theocracy as taught by the Bible is the one lasting foundation of democracy, blessed is that people whose God is the Lord! And equally blessed is that State which applies Biblical precepts to belated and brutal conditions of old time internationalism.

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THE "DO–NOTHING" CONGRESS

BY WILLIAM STARR MYERS

THERE is one practical facility in politics that is especially appreciated and admired by the American people. As they express it, this facility consists in the ability to "keep one's ear to the ground". In fact, the power of forecasting or anticipating the course of popular feeling and real public opinion is a priceless boon to the successful politician. Jefferson and McKinley possessed this ability to an unusual degree. So did Lincoln and Roosevelt, but they united with it the power to guide these popular tendencies along sound lines of statesmanship. Wilson told the people, in superb phrase and lofty thought, what they must believe, and then proceeded to act as though they really did so, but much to his own subsequent disillusionment.

It is exactly in this ability to sense public opinion that the members of the present, or Sixty-seventh, Congress, would seem to be most lacking. The reasons for this lack will be discussed later, but suffice it to say at the present time that in spite of the real honesty, sincerity and industry of the large majority of the members of both Senate and House of Representatives, a wave of public criticism and popular impatience has arisen during the past year, which has resulted in the nickname of the "Do-Nothing Congress". Whether or not this sobriquet is deserved, it is going to stick, and many a member will pay the penalty for the description at the polls in November, entirely aside from the question of actually deserving it.

In answer to the popular reproaches for inactivity and incapacity to legislate, the leaders of Congress "point with pride" to a record of accomplishment that is of no mean character. First of all comes the passage, in the early days of the Harding Administration, of the first national Budget Act. This took hold of our national financial administration and policy, hitherto not even worthy of the emulation in bookkeeping of a delicatessen

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store on a back street in Bayonne, New Jersey, and placed it on a basis of sound common sense and efficiency. It is probable that future historians will rank the passage of the Federal Reserve Act as the greatest achievement of the Wilson Administrations, and the Democratic party has a right to be proud of President Wilson's leadership, which undoubtedly brought this about. In just the same way, the Budget Act will rank as an outstanding success for President Harding. With lapse of time, its enormous value will be more fully appreciated.

Along with the budgetary legislation goes an achievement that is as great in importance, although in the field of foreign relations. This is the Washington Conference, which may prove to be a turning point in the world's history as well as in that of the United States. Although President Harding and his administrative assistants are mainly responsible for the conception and accomplishment of the whole movement, yet the Senate must share with the President in the credit for its success. Within about seven weeks after the close of the Conference, the Senate had ratified all the treaties and agreements there formulated. This is remarkably quick action, when the ordinary delay in consideration of international matters is taken into account.

But not all the credit for this celerity is to be given to the Republican members of the Senate. One of the most forceful advocates of the treaties, and one whose leadership had great weight in their adoption, was Senator Oscar W. Underwood of Alabama, the Democratic floor leader, one of the ablest and most valuable members of the Upper House. His assistance was of vital importance, and it is doubtful whether ratification could have been accomplished without it. Also the dozen or more Democratic Senators who followed his leadership deserve like credit for sound and broad statesmanship. The less said about the statesmanlike abilities of both the Democratic and Republican opponents, the better. With a few exceptions, the debates were on a rather low plane of ability, and failed to arouse the interest or inspire the imagination of the American people.

Republican leaders in the present campaign, in preparation for the coming November elections, are stressing among the accomplishments of this Congress the "saving of two billion dollars

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in the expenditures of the Federal Government." This is an achievement worthy of note, but only what was to be expected, for any legislative body of a minimum of sanity must know inordinate and extravagant expenditures incident to the waging of war must of necessity stop at the earliest practical moment. To have failed in this regard would be unpardonable; to have accomplished it is only the fulfilment of an obvious duty. The further claim to merit for the annual reduction of $900,000,000 in war taxes is in reality creditable, on the surface at least. But when it is remembered that the well thought-out plan as proposed to Congress by Secretary Mellon was in great part cast into the discard, and only those reductions made that would seem calculated to appeal to the votes of the unthinking and selfish class elements in our nation, the record is not so admirable. In fact, it is along the line of taxation that the greatest and most fundamental mistake of the present Congress has been made, as will be pointed out later on. The tax revision left untouched the essentially faulty principles upon which the Kitchin Bill of 1917 was formulated. The principles underlying that piece of legislation, so replete with silly, un-American and undemocratic provisions, seemed to be only those of the punishment of wealth as a crime, levying of taxes on the urban centers of our country and their tributary population, and penalizing of efficiency in business.

The repeal of the excess profits tax, one of the most uneconomic taxes ever laid in the long history of national finance, was accomplished only after a long struggle. The small reduction in the inordinate surtaxes on income merely saved the consistency of those members who were honest enough to look facts in the face; while the exemptions adopted were calculated to help just a few of our people, on the plea that those of narrow circumstances must be assisted. Instead of boldly recasting the whole of our iniquitous tax laws, reducing normal and surtax rates to a fair measure of the actual ability of our people to pay without exhausting the sources of revenue and discouraging individual initiative; instead of broadening the basis of taxation by means of a sales tax levied upon wholesale transactions at least, if not upon retail sales of a certain minimum amount—we have the recent

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halting and ineffectual amendments of 1921. The country is still burdened by these ill-conceived taxes, and normal times and real prosperity will not come until the necessary reforms are made upon a basis of sound economics and fair politics.

The extending of emergency credits to farmers and the enactment of laws regulating and restricting immigration were necessary, and the latter was of prime importance. Probably the frank entrance upon a policy of restriction and discrimination in immigration, according to the ability of the country to assimilate the foreigner, will prove to be second only to the Budget Act in value and in importance to the welfare of the United States and the preservation of American institutions. The experiences with so-called hyphenates during and since the World War have awakened the people of this country to the extreme danger confronting them; but it took courage of no mean sort for the members of Congress, many of them from urban districts with large foreign populations, to vote for these restrictive measures.

In adding up the credit side of the ledger of Congressional achievement, due place should be given to the passage of the numerous appropriation bills and routine legislation, all of which absorb so much time and energy, but which pass unnoticed by the public. Probably no harder work, requiring sustained mental application and ceaseless energy, is to be found anywhere in our business or professional world. The men who have the responsibility for the laborious committee work, and the aggravating course of parliamentary procedure, with its trifling and irritating accompaniments of obstruction, selfishness and narrow-minded criticism, deserve the thanks of the American people for the tasks they have successfully accomplished.

When we leave the subject of the real accomplishments of the Sixty-seventh Congress, and consider what the people of the country at large seem to think are its shortcomings, the task of assessing praise or blame is not so easy. The three most contentious subjects before Congress during the whole course of the past year or more have been the tariff, the soldier bonus, and ship subsidies. Taking them in the order of their mentioning, it is not an exaggeration to say at the outset that the tariff was not a real political issue in any sense, during the campaign of 1920, with the

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possible exception of a few isolated districts. The heavy majority of our people had no thought of tariff in their mind when they voted, but their attention was wholly absorbed by other and more important issues. But when the present Congress convened in special session in the spring of 1921, old-line and Bourbon leaders were in control, and to their limited political intelligence the only salvation of any nation on the face of this green earth consisted in tariff legislation; the more protective the better. At that precise time the agricultural interests of the country, among the first of our people, were feeling the severe shock of the necessary deflation that must follow the mad economic saturnalia that accompanies every war. Naturally they cried out with pain, and also naturally the sympathetic ears of these same leaders caught their plaints. The Fordney Emergency Tariff, one of the most ghastly failures ever placed upon our statute book, was the result.

Since that time, the members of Congress have been busy upon the formulation of a so-called permanent tariff, and the longer their labors have continued, the greater has been the popular opposition, irrespective of party, and the more unpopular has the whole Congress become. The thinking people of this country, irrespective of party, soon came to the conclusion that the chaotic and changing conditions following the war were no proper time for any general tariff legislation. Futhermore, when such legislation does take place, the lasting results of the war must be the primary matters of consideration. The facts that we are no longer a debtor but a creditor nation; that we also are changing from an importing to an exporting people; that we have become a leading world power whether we like it or not—these are the things that are of dominant influence in the minds of the thoughtful American people today. They also realize that depreciated currencies, economic exhaustion and the possibility of "dumping" of products by foreign nations are of but transient moment, and that in spite of the shrill cries of our calamity howlers, the trade reports of the United States Government prove beyond cavil that even the "dumping" danger is almost non-existent.

And the people also realize in addition that this same tariff legislation, accompanied by the most extensive political bargaining between various classes and interests in the country, has

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resulted in a prospective law that probably can rightly claim the unenviable distinction of being the worst tariff bill in our history. They also know at the same time that instead of helping to revive business and prosperity, it is the greatest hindrance, and any present economic recovery is being made in spite of this prospective law, and in spite of the hindrance caused by the Fordney Emergency Tariff. The real sufferers, the ones who will pay the final and undeserved penalty, of course, are the poor "ultimate consumers". What the present gay and debonair leaders of the Republican party in Congress forget in their present delirium of tariff tinkering is that the above "he" and "she" have votes, and that these votes may count as disastrously for the party as was the case in 1910, when the far less reprehensible Payne-Aldrich Tariff went into *political* effect.

The soldier bonus is the second member of this questionable legislative trinity, and were it not for the skilful political manœuvering of President Harding it long ago would have been upon the statute books. It would seem that the "average" American citizen fully realizes that the service rendered to this country by the men who risked their all in the recent war is of the type that never can be paid for. It is beyond money and beyond price. On the other hand, there also is honest confession that the ex-soldiers have a righteous grievance against the profiteers of that period, whether in the manufactures, the professions, the labor unions, or among the general lines of business. There was downright profiteering among all these classes, and only too late does this country realize its dereliction in not having made more strenuous efforts to prevent it. But this profiteering was at the expense of the taxpayers of the nation at large and at the hands of comparatively few of our citizens. The bad effects will gradually work themselves off by a process of self-elimination.

But to attempt to even up to the soldiers by making them a species of profiteers by law, does not appeal to the common sense or justice of the American people. Although this bonus to the soldiers is veneered with the pleasing name of "adjusted compensation", the real meaning of the movement stands out in all its naked disgrace. Bad as would be the economic effects of the passage of such a law with its appropriation of billions of dollars,

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the mere fact of taking money out of the pockets of the taxpayers, in order to legislate it into the pockets of able-bodied men, would cause a deterioration in the moral fibre of the manhood of this country that would be the greatest misfortune that could overtake it. Patriotism is either beyond price, or it is commercialized and its keen edge is dulled.

In the third place, there is no doubt that the American people are in hearty sympathy with President Harding's desire for the upbuilding and maintenance of a merchant marine. The lessons of the war have not been forgotten, in this respect. But as yet they are not convinced that the subsidy scheme is the way to reach the desired result. In fact, they are timorous about the incurring of further expenditures for any reason whatsoever, and one great cause of suspicion with regard to Congress, as far as the ordinary citizen goes, is the feeling that too much money is being spent. Whether the expenditure be right or wrong, does not much matter. Therefore, there is a popular feeling that we should "go slow", to use an old pioneer saying, and let the subsidy question drop for awhile.

It is because Congress has been for months occupying its time mainly with tariff, bonus and subsidy, three things which have not the support of the majority of the *thinking* American people at any rate, and probably of all the people in the last analysis, that popular impatience has become so outspoken, and possibly it may be very disastrous to the personal fortunes of a large number of the present members of both Houses of Congress, whether they really deserve it or not. And this necessarily brings us to the question of the real issues of the campaign of 1920, which were primarily two, according to the writer's own opinion. No matter how much the strong and dominating personality of President Wilson may have counted, one way or the other, in determining the result of the election, there were also two great issues in the minds of the people: the acceptance or rejection of the League of Nations *as proposed*, and relief from the inordinate burden of war taxation.

During the past year the Harding Administration, with the acquiescence or help of Congress, has been taking those slow and gradual steps in formulating our international relations which

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public opinion in this country really is willing to endorse. President Harding and Mr. Hughes are in all probability fully abreast of the maturing judgment of the rank and file of our citizens. But as noted above, Congress has completely failed to appreciate the inner meaning of the election, and has taken no real steps to meet the demands of our people with regard to taxation. It is true that these demands may not be clear-cut or even articulate, but even the less informed elements of our people are now aware of the immense levies of direct taxes they are paying, and also are becoming aware of the far greater burden of indirect taxes they must shoulder. In comparison with this present and ever-wearing load, such matters as tariff, subsidy, bonus and routine legislation pale into insignificance. Whether the burden of taxes can or should be lifted, our people are demanding it, and only by the most statesmanlike and fundamental changes in our whole tax system, as hinted above, can this demand be met and satisfied. Secretary Mellon, who ranks as one of our ablest contemporary administrators, has indicated the way, but Congress is too cowardly, or too blind, to take the road.

But there is one great and final reason for popular impatience with Congress, and that is ineffectual leadership. Whether it is owing to the outworn and futile rule of "seniority", lack of party responsibility, and lack of executive leadership due to the reaction from the extreme type of policy as followed by President Wilson, or even perhaps due to the absence of men and women of ability from our public life, there is a lack of leadership in both Houses of Congress, and the people of this country are convinced of it, and resent it. It is not within the purposes of this present paper to discuss the causes of this lack, but merely to accept the fact that it exists. Added to this is the fact that the present dominant Republican leaders, and the Democratic leaders as well, are, with a few exceptions on both sides, either of the Bourbon, stand-pat variety, or else at the other extreme of unbalanced and half-baked Radicalism. The voluntary or enforced retirement at the end of the present Congress of a number of the Republican leaders will open the way for other men. It is probably not an exaggeration to say that the present Congress is of the same average ability as preceding ones, although possibly this

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may not appear to be a very great compliment in the eyes of some people. The great difficulty at this time is to give an opportunity for leadership to the ability that already is there. It is likely that the rule of seniority is the main cause of the trouble. However that may be, there is no doubt of the above-mentioned general opinion throughout the country that this is a "do-nothing Congress".

Owing to the complete political overturn that accompanied the enormous triumph in 1920, a large number of Republicans were elected to Congress from districts normally Democratic. These new members of Congress in some instances are totally inexperienced, not only in legislative ways and methods, but also in practical politics as well. They accepted the nomination with little or no expectation of election to Congress, but merely to "bring out the vote" and keep the party organization together. As a result, they are showing their lack of experience by incompetence in sizing up public opinion and in understanding the needs of an united party policy. They are easily influenced by the organized propaganda for various special interests located at Washington. Thus the idea of getting the "soldier vote" in their districts causes them to put aside their real convictions in many cases, and hypocritically to vote in favor of the bonus. Likewise, the narrow effect of some tariff rate in their district totally blinds them to the ultimate effect on the consumers. For one vote gained from an ex-soldier or the beneficiary of a protected interest, they probably will lose a dozen votes of the ordinary citizens and taxpayers. This side of the matter does not occur to them. They are clutching at the last straw in their efforts to secure re-election from their normally Democratic districts, and are following, in their inexperience, the very policy that is apt to defeat their aims. Many of these will be conspicuous by their absence from the Sixty-eighth Congress.

Undoubtedly there will be at least the normal reaction against the Republican party this November, such as usually comes at the mid-term election during a Presidential administration. This will be added to by popular impatience with Congress, and lack of confidence in the leaders of Congress on the part of the rank and file of the Republican voters. These latter, some ten

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years ago, showed beyond all doubt that they are decidedly Progressive in spirit, and the present Old Guard leadership is no more popular now than it was then.

Possibly the best thing for the country would be a continuance of Republican control of Congress. The people had a very unfortunate experience of divided control during the last two years of the Wilson administration. But from the standpoint of the future welfare of the Republican party itself, the loss of the House of Representatives would prove a piece of good fortune. It should effectually dispose of the present antediluvian leaders in Congress and their baneful influence. It also should leave Mr. Harding, with Mr. Hughes, Mr. Hoover, and other more progressive or more trusted members of the Administration, in absolute control of the national party organization. Judging from the present popularity that these same men enjoy, the country again would turn to Mr. Harding in 1924 and elect him for a second term in the Presidency. Added to this is the fact that American people find little cause for confidence in the present leaders of the Democratic party. At any rate, the individual voter is doing some thinking, as well as much "cussing". If he or she finally is aroused to the point of real anger, and consequent vigorous action, popular indifference may disappear, and responsible citizenship again take its necessary place in our scheme of democracy. Possibly this is the inner meaning of the recent primary elections in so many of our States.

WM. STARR MYERS.

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THE FORGOTTEN WOMAN

BY JOHN CORBIN

MUCH has been said of late of the economic pressure which is bearing so heavily upon the officer in our Army or Navy, upon the teacher, the university professor, especially the clergyman. The lack of adequate means cramps him as a servant of the community, weakening our institutions of light and leadership. But that is not his chief hardship. The pressure becomes decisive when it touches him in his personal relations as lover, as husband, as father. Our institutions of service and enlightenment have a yoke-fellow in misery, the home. In the personal life of salaried people everywhere—the families of the Middle Class—the millstones are grinding, grinding. Now in an organized institution a decline of morale may be measurably checked. Congress comes to the aid of the service academy, loyal alumni to the aid of the university. But the unorganized institution of the home has no champion and defender. That the Middle Class is forgotten, we cheerfully assume, is its own affair. If any one considers its plight, it is the labor leader, the Guild Socialist, who counsels the "salariat" to unionize and join the proletarian movement—as musicians, actors, and many school teachers have already done. In effect, accordingly, the forgotten man's home is his own affair.

Or, rather, is it not more particularly the affair of his wife? If she is forgotten, the world we live in is ungallant, certainly—and much more than that. Her cause is public, universal; for she is, or she should be, the mother of the finest and the best of the nation, the hope of all its future. Without her, Army and Navy, school, university and church, are alike vain and futile. In the lack of a worthier, I venture to be her champion. This is an essay in feminism—feminism, at least, of a sort.

The hardship of the middle class woman long antedates the war. During the suffrage campaigning we were often told how,

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in the last century and a half, the activities that make her life significant have largely been taken away from her. But the political bearing of the fact is less important than the social. Let us consider this matter once more.

The old individualist era has given way to the era of collective organization—the mill, the factory, the department store. The crafts of the industrial household have been taken out of the home and organized in the world outside on a vast national scale. Women no longer produce; they buy. The home alone is economically unorganized—has become positively disorganized. But that is only the beginning. If middle class women have children, as some of the more valiant still do, they have become less indispensable even as mothers; the organization of modern life takes from them the care of their own flesh and blood the moment it becomes vitally interesting. The trained nurse, the school and the university step in, assuming responsibility. Many a mother of three, of four, of five, finds her days largely empty after she has finished the brief daily task of ordering her household.

Such mothers are found mainly in the upper range of the Middle Class. For the most part, the forgotten woman has few children or none. Actual figures are not at hand, for the census taker also has neglected the middle class woman; but the rough outlines of the situation have long been familiar. It has been said that if the present birthrate continues the descendants of the Fathers who came over in the Mayflower could very soon go back, all in the Mayflower. The statement is less whimsical and exaggerated than Mayflower folk have contended. As to college graduates, we have definite though scattering statistics. The average Harvard man, as Professor Cattell has graphically put it, has "seven-tenths of a son," the average Vassar woman "one-half of a daughter"—a child and a half and one child respectively being the fruit of the lives of two people. Thus it appears that the line of those who are educable and educated shrinks by almost one half with each generation. Middle class women have become not merely unproductive but unreproductive. In one way it is natural that highly educated folk are less fertile, most of the years of their prime being devoted to study and to the long labor of establishing themselves in a profession. But is it

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not something more than natural, something quite topsy-turvy, that those who are capable of the fullest moral and intellectual achievement should, by that very fact, have their line extinguished?

In the refusal of middle class women to bear children there is, no doubt, a measure of cultural self indulgence, even of frivolity. There has been, of late years, a great increase of lecture-going, of devotion to music and the drama, of participation in the affairs of the world of society, fashion, travel—in brief, all the phenomena of a rapidly diffusing civilization. These too lead away from the home; no less than industry, culture has gone out from the household, and with much the same result—a tendency to limit the family. It is not without warrant that the moralist inveighs against the decay of the home life of our ancestors, so wholesomely simple and affectional. But there could be no greater mistake than to regard all this as the result of wilful selfishness. Primarily the lifting of the cultural standards of the Middle Class is the result of an instinct sound and salutary—calculated to give it precisely the breadth of outlook and tonic mentality which has hitherto been its greatest lack. Where once the class was mentally lethargic, drab in its mood and shoddy in its taste, it is now intellectually alert and æsthetically discriminating. And it is right to be so. Who is more surely entitled than the brainworker and the mother of brainworkers to a wide spiritual horizon and deep culture? Few things could be more essential to the progress of civilization. Yet the fact remains that thus far the cultural gain of the class has contributed powerfully toward its ultimate extinction.

The basic cause of race suicide in the Middle Class is not frivolity, not selfishness, but a maladjustment between income and function; brain-working folk can no longer afford to have children and raise them to the normal life of their kind. All this is an incident of the Industrial Revolution—a fateful economic development which we are powerless to resist and which as yet, in all likelihood, we do not fully comprehend. But so much we know: the wife who used to be a true helpmeet, producing values daily,—values in both the materials of life and in life itself,—is now, as she herself says bitterly, a parasite. One day's

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labor, one salary, and that a salary of diminishing value, pays for all.

This inequity is, however, only in part a thing beyond our control. It is reënforced by our own acts and institutions. Our economic system is based on the assumption, never quite justified and never less so than today, that all citizens are alike parents and householders. The result is to penalize parenthood. The so-called protective tariff is so far from protecting the home that it makes depredations upon the welfare of every member of it. A bachelor is taxed only upon what he himself eats and wears, but a father is taxed upon as many as there are members of his household. Yet we are surprised that an increasing number of men lead single lives, and we search the streets and by ways for the causes of prostitution. If parents educate their children, as middle class parents should, until the age of eighteen, or twenty-two,—even twenty-five for those who study professions,—then they continue to be taxed not only for what the children eat and wear but largely also for what is eaten and worn by their teachers. The more they do for their children, in short,—the greater their service to the State,—the more severely they are penalized.

When a middle class man becomes a father, he gives a mortgage on his life, jeopards his best work in the world. The mother faces not only an ordeal of life and death but a strong probability that she and all who are dearest to her will be disclassed—forced down to the world of the manual worker, which is today the world of the alien, slovenly and uncouth. Those who still have a child or two do so, not as an act of happy, normal functioning but as a deed of rare personal heroism. And, confronted by a vanishing birthrate among the well born and well bred, we scold our women because they do not do their duty by the future!

Among the poor, conditions are far otherwise. There are free maternity hospitals, free clinics and dispensaries, free parks and playgrounds, free baths and outings in summer. There are free trade schools by day and by night, free lectures and free music, sometimes free meals in the public schools. On the lower planes of living it is as easy as not to have children. Who pays for all this? The money comes out of municipal taxes, over nine-tenths of which

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fall upon real estate, which is to say, upon rent. That is a heavy burden on the offices, shops and homes of the Middle Class. Yet relatively the poor have less need of help in these matters; in their homes the Industrial Revolution has wrought no change that is vital. Women are still economically productive—cooking, keeping house, sewing. Children also earn their keep as soon as they are through grammar school, finding employment which means a sizable pay envelope. Sons and daughters of day laborers, nurtured and educated largely at the expense of the Middle Class, often earn more than their fathers. Still, as in the patriarchal day and the day of household industries, a family is a burden for a few years only; eventually it is an economic asset. However large it is, it tends positively to rise in the social scale. And so, on the lower planes of living, the race still breeds with its age-old fecundity. In a period of about six generations, as Dr. Davenport has shown, while 1,000 Harvard graduates are dwindling to 50, 1,000 Roumanians, at their present birthrate, will increase to 100,000. The slums swarm with the children of the lowly born, the lowly bred—who inherit the future.

The war rendered the malady of the middle class woman doubly acute. We may never know precisely how deep was the devastation wrought by the increasing demands of labor, how crushing the burden of the redoubled cost of living upon fixed incomes. But there have been many straws in the wind. Actually a bureau at Washington gave its mind to the crisis. After the war, certain problems of "the new poor" were discussed in *The Labor Review* and—a highly sardonic circumstance—were discussed with a sympathy which had hitherto been confined to the manual worker.

Do housewives who once enjoyed the services of a cook find domestic labor difficult? They have only to apply the principles which they have long practiced in outdoor sport. "With the same form and spirit we can find as much health and exercise in housework as in a game of tennis or golf. Can't we ?" In dishwashing, as in golf, a matter of primary importance is the stance. Stand easily but solidly upon both feet. "When will women stop wearing their old high-heeled pumps for housework?" Clothing also should be "loose and sensible", so that, in dish-

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washing as in golf, it will come natural to play each stroke through. It is very important to "use the back properly". If doubt arises as to just how to use the back, the newly poor housewife is informed that Cornell University "has a whole bulletin on this important subject". Above all, put the same "rhythm and spirit" into dishwashing that so signally triumphs upon the links. Don't get downhearted. A dishwasher may be down, but she is never out. Presumably, those who feel that way may be permitted to address the dish—a linguistic detail in which the newly poor housewife is already proficient. And, first and last, keep your eye on the dish, also on the knife and spoon—especially on the fork! No woman can develop her full game as a dishwasher without remembering to keep her eye on the fork. Thus, thanks to the guidance, philosophy and friendship of the Department of Labor, Washington, the new poor have only themselves to blame if they do not find the uses of adversity sweet.

There is only one fly in this wealth of amber. Even with all aid from the technique of golf, housework "becomes difficult in the case of a mother with two or more children". If such a one wishes to avoid drudgery and heartbreak she will have to practice an efficiency vastly heightened and intensified. And at that her case is dubious. The technique of motherhood is beyond even the high example of golf. And so it appears that those, who, thanks to exceptional energy and ability, have risen from the handworking into the brainworking stratum, are doomed by the most cheerful philosophy which the Department of Labor commands to the ultimate futility of the one-child family.

Of deeper import is a statement from the New York Commissioner of Charities made in the period following the war. For the first time in the history of his Commission, educated people employed in brain labor brought their children to him, confessing that they were no longer able to feed them and keep them warm. Yet while the world was agog over the professional decay of Army and Navy, of the churches and universities, no voice was raised in behalf of well born women and the traditions of the seemly home.

As Ruskin long ago made clear, children well born and well bred are the basic wealth of any nation. It should scarcely have

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needed an art critic to tell the economists that! Of what use are the utmost material gain, the most perfectly devised institutions, if the citizens who inherit them are enfeebled in blood, defective in upbringing? Darwin himself pointed out that the one sure result of our philanthropic democracy is to waste our resources and reduce our stamina; yet, while we follow him in plant and animal biology, even in conceiving of our economic and social systems as an "evolution", we think of the developing life of the race in the dead terms of political institutions and material wealth. The greatest economic waste in the world, it used to be said, is in the unproductive lives of women of the Middle Class. But the economic waste is a poor and trivial thing when compared to the waste of social and vital values—the tradition of the American home, the distinction and the vigor of the American people.

Still we do nothing. Though our leaders in anthropology, in biology, in sociology, are themselves middle class men, they have no programme—have scarcely even stated the problem. The brainworker, I freely admit, is forgotten because he has rather stupidly forgotten himself. I should say the same of his wife if it were not for the suffrage movement, of which the present decade has witnessed the culmination and triumph. In one regard, obviously, our women have not been forgotten, have not forgotten themselves. What is the basis of this historic movement, and how is it related to feminine welfare? There have been many theories of late as to the *primum mobile* of history—some of them no doubt extreme, yet scarcely the less interesting.

The basis of history, Marx declared, is to be found in questions of land and of food supply: "the source of all historic change is economic." There is an element of truth in this idea, yet its application to the feminist movement is not at all clear. The only women who faced any real problem of subsistence, at least before the war, were of the class of unskilled labor, and they were notably indifferent to the vote. They could not see how it would clothe them, feed their children. It is true that Socialists and labor unions declared for woman's suffrage; but the declaration was, so to speak, academic—a yielding to special pressure, or at best an expression of the theory of democratic equality. Neither Unionist nor Socialist ever fought for suffrage as they have

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fought for any one of a dozen causes in which working hours and the pay envelope were at stake.

What then was the "basis" of the suffrage movement? It has not been sufficiently regarded, I think, that the women who won the vote were mainly of the Middle Class—well born, well educated, intelligent. Their most prominent allies were of the capitalist class. It was not, in fact, until suffrage became distinctly fashionable that it had any distinct success. We beheld the curious spectacle of a band of gentlewomen, who were lapped in luxury and had the world of enjoyment at their feet, working themselves into a genuinely noble passion over the wrongs of their sex—and finally driving before them our wariest and astutest politicians. Whatever the basis of their wrongs and rights, it was not economic. The one thing which these women were most obviously free from was the pang of bodily need.

Nor have they, as it seems, any definite use for the vote now that they have achieved it. Everywhere we see a still more noteworthy spectacle, also unexplained—millions of women who might wield the supreme political power, dictate their measures to either party, who yet have not the slightest idea of doing so. They vote Republican or vote Democratic quite as helplessly as their men folk. They have raised no issue that is not directly in line with programmes that have long been formed, and in a large measure executed. Neither in its origin nor in its ends does the suffrage movement, at least to the superficial view, appear to have had a material basis, economic or otherwise. It was a thing of the mind and the spirit as few movements have ever been. Now that the struggle is ended, most suffragists admit in their franker moments a sense, not of having gained something, but of having lost it. Even so in 1918 a host of women workers felt that, as one of them expressed it, they had "lost the war".

Of late years we have heard less of the economic basis of history. As Graham Wallas has declared—though like Ruskin he was in a measure anticipated in the eighteenth century by Turgot—the true basis is psychologic. Is the origin of the suffrage movement psychologic? In other words, is it a matter of normal human instincts as they work themselves out in civilized life—what

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Turgot called "the hidden principles that contribute to form our mind and character"? The unsatisfied food-hunger of the primitive Hun determined his psychology as a conqueror; but so also did the unsatisfied power-hunger of his modern namesake. Doubtless there is an economic element in all historic changes—a physical need to be satisfied; but historians of Mr. Wallas's persuasion find, and I think with reason, that it becomes powerful only as it works upon character—psyche, the soul. The most direct and powerful factor in historic changes is a primal passion unsatisfied, a thirst of the spirit which is unassuaged.

In the life of the middle class woman today is there any unsatisfied longing? There are ten thousand, certainly, as there always have been in all walks of human life and doubtless always will be. These, however, are not primal but superficial things. Of primal passions thwarted only one suggests itself. Middle class women are childless as no group has ever been which was so large, so intelligent and so morally earnest.

Was the suffrage movement, then, the result of a maternal hunger aching to be satisfied? Listen, good people! I beg and entreat a serious hearing, for I know I shall seem paradoxical, finding the origin of woman's demand for political power in a merely primitive and personal instinct. Let us look at the facts with philosophic calm and detachment.

In the feminine assault upon the dull mass of the world's indifference there was more than a suggestion of primal passion. Few causes have ever been waged more relentlessly. Said the spouse of an early suffragist, with a wry smile, "Woman's spear is in the home—and she uses it! Her spear knows no husband." But outside the home her activities proved far more deadly—even in countries where there was no smashing of plate glass, no fouling of letter boxes with pitch, no cruelly perplexing hunger strikes—as many an American politician can testify who in the face of these incomprehensible, inexorable furies found himself helpless, nonplussed, his whole political future in jeopardy. The well known card index, recording his political past and his moving present as if with the finger of fate, ceaselessly rode his nightmares. The politician at least would agree that the suffragists had all the fury of the tigress bereft of her cubs.

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There is, however, a difference. The tigress knows what it is she has lost. The middle class woman resents it bitterly if anyone relates her "cause" to her childlessness, making it merely an effect. Here is the deliberate statement of a well-known leader: "Fundamental problems such as race suicide, celibacy, eugenics, etc., are beside the suffrage question. If anyone hopes to solve them through suffrage he is on the wrong path. No suffragist, however uninformed, would hold such premises." It is as if a man should say that his right to vote has no possible relation to the tariff and taxation, to war and peace, to the League of Nations. The tigress knows what she has lost; but in the woman there is no bridge between the subconscious longing and the void in her conscious life. Nature prompts her, tortures her, martyrizes her with the insistent instinct of motherhood; yet her resultant activities—in society and self culture, in charity, in politics—have only the remotest relation to her true cause. The case is psychologic, but abnormally so.

Her childlessness, to be sure, is not really her fault. It is the result of social and economic conditions which have worked through generations and which are beyond any individual control. She is the victim of a world malady. Why, in the name of all income and outgo, should she not be childless? Marriage makes her a parasite upon her struggling man: the least she can do is to see to it that children do not swarm upon him. But her subconscious mind does not realize this, any more than the subconscious mind of Mr. Jones or Mr. Smith knows that the name was wished upon him by an unjustly ironic, a capricious fate; it is enough—too much!—that he *is* Smith. It may even be doubted whether the conscious minds of many feminist women are well grounded in the sociology of race suicide. They only know that, in their own individual cases, nature prompted and they willed otherwise. Love came and marriage—but then the primordial forces were suppressed. To speak of their childlessness is to touch the rawest spot in their being, which every instinct, conscious and subconscious, tells them to hide from all the world.

Again, do not misconceive me! The suffrage cause had many phases, several of them quite unconnected psychologically with

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this child-complex. Thus the woman who inherits the talents of the old mistresses of an industrial household—the talent of management, of planning and directing the creation of new commodity values—very naturally breaks loose from the functionless home of today and finds scope for her productive ability in a profession or in the market place. She is often the truer woman—not her sister who sits idle and discontented in the lap of barren ease—and she was probably the most powerful if the least showy element in the suffrage movement. But of the two womanly instincts, productive and reproductive, only the mother instinct is primal, impassioned; only that tortures a true woman, martyrizes her, when it is denied.

Examples of the feminine psychology misdirected abound in the modern world. No fallen sister is too vile to enlist its most passionate championship, its fiercest energies. Sensitive, high-minded women fairly haunted the Night Court until it was abolished. But from the cause of the well born child they turned coldly away, stone deaf and purblind. In San Francisco some years ago a man was charged with assault on a woman of the streets and the judge put his bail so low that he jumped it. It was a case of men of a kind standing together. In California woman's "spear" had just been taken out of the home and it was brightly barbed with a modern improvement known as the recall. The women went after that judge, and they *got* him. Meantime in the city of Berkeley there was a referendum on the question of issuing bonds for playgrounds sorely needed by the children. Only a minority of women voted and so the playgrounds were lost. The referendum was just as bright and shiny as the recall, and the welfare of children was at stake, children of their own kind and breeding. But the issue was so abhorrent to the psychology of the majority of woman voters that no earthly power could make them aware of its existence.

From the Neolithic Age, which first saw household industries, to the era of the Industrial Revolution, women have lived untold generations of happy, normal functioning. Of late, within a single century, the whole basis of the life of the middle class woman has shifted from beneath her. If today, living in barren households and with a strange, new outer world of opportunity

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beckoning, our women are restless, eager, rebellious—dallying with every old vice and new folly—surely, nature knows why. And steadily, irresistibly, nature is teaching them—teaching even that stupidest of consorts, the brainworking man. They are voters now—no longer obliged to argue, cajole, threaten with the votes of others. What their hearts conceive their own hands can accomplish.

And they have a cause that eventually no true man can fail to understand. The brawniest male still bears in his pectoral muscles a reminder of the time when his far grandsires of the arboreal days enjoyed a measure of sex equality which the progress of specialization has denied him. There is still an instinct in his heart telling him that when people are married the first need of their love is children.

Was there ever room in the feminist movement for sex antagonism? Was it not a man who first urged it upon the world that women should be voters? It was men who first attacked, and have so largely reformed, the old, unjust laws as to women's property. It was men who swept away the strongholds of shoddy fabrics and poisoned foods; who devised the benefit for widowed and deserted mothers; who are today strong allies in the effort to prevent the marriage of young girls to diseased and degenerate males. Men are slow and blundering, no doubt; but they are not tyrants, not usurpers. For true men have always known that the cause of women is also their cause, being the cause of the nation and of civilization.

Through all the unrecorded æons of biology, our ancestors have had children and reared them—without one break in the age-old line. Now for the first time women well born and well bred are bereft of labor, bereft of their privilege as mothers of the world to come. When the storm rages, there is somewhere a void to be filled. All our talk of the tyranny of men, of the equality of the sexes, is only the cry of the wind in the trees, its howling among the ledges that oppose it. The secret of the storm is in the void beyond. Listen intently and you will hear the true voice of our women: "Let us too suffer and create. Give us back our labor; give us back our children!"

JOHN CORBIN.

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USE AND ABUSE OF SUBMARINES

BY REAR-ADMIRAL W. F. FULLAM, U. S. N.

MR. BALFOUR'S eloquent speech at the Washington Conference accepting in principle Mr. Hughes's plan for the limitation of battleship armament focussed the attention of the world upon the submarine. He frankly admitted that the small coast-defense submarine, of short cruising radius, is a weapon of defense for weak nations against the aggression of the strong upon the sea, and he also recognized the great offensive power of the long-range cruising submarine in naval warfare.

The suggestions to abolish submarines altogether, or to limit their size, and to outlaw the big cruiser has found many advocates. It is plain why a great maritime nation might look with favor upon Mr. Balfour's suggestion. And many good people the world over, recalling German "frightfulness", would applaud the extinction of the submarine. But we must avoid precipitate action. The legitimate uses of the submarine must not be denied. It has been condemned without a hearing. The charges against it have been exaggerated. It may be claimed that it is not more inhumane than many other weapons if no restrictions were placed upon the latter. International law can control the submarine within limits that the world will recognize as humane—quite as humane as any weapon that kills or wins in war.

Suppose that surface cruisers were to sink merchant ships at sea with or without warning and leave their crews and passengers in midocean in small boats: Would that be an argument to abolish cruisers? Suppose a brutal combatant should turn machine guns upon prisoners, or upon an enemy that is surrounded, helpless, and crying for quarter: Would that be a reason for abolishing machine guns? There is scarcely a weapon of war that cannot be fiendishly and inhumanely used. Witness the massacre of the miners at Herrin, Illinois, after they had sur-

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rendered! Should the rifle be abolished for this reason? Better hang fiends on shore and pirates at sea.

If the great and powerful nations of the world, Great Britain, Japan, France, Italy, the United States, and others—the only nations that are strong enough to be aggressive upon the sea—wish to abolish submarines, let them do so. But how about the small and weak nations like Belgium, China, Cuba, and Portugal? Must they, too, give up the submarine? The small U-boat would be one of the most potent of all weapons to defend them from invasion or aggression. And a few big cruising submarines would enable them to take the offensive against a strong nation that sought to crush them. Are they to be denied all offensive weapons? They cannot afford to build big navies for offensive or defensive purposes. Is the cry of "inhumanity" to be used to make the weak still weaker and the strong still stronger?

Statistics prove that only 12,000 lives were destroyed by submarines in the World War. There was greater loss of life, greater suffering, and more "inhumanity" in each of hundreds of battles on land than the total loss in submarine warfare during the whole four years!

The inhuman use of submarines can be condemned and outlawed just as other acts of war are controlled. The rights of neutrals upon the sea, and the protection of the innocent and the helpless, can be secured by regulations quite as binding as those that forbid the killing of prisoners or noncombatants on land.

We hear much of the "freedom of the seas." Is it not desirable? Is it not righteous that the interests of all nations, great and small, weak and strong, shall be made secure upon the sea? No one nation or combination of nations should be permitted to dominate the oceans and to crush the weak.

Admirals of distinction have pointed out that the submarine is the most potent of all forces in securing the freedom of the seas. It is more powerful than other weapons, particularly when allied with air power. It gives more security than treaties, which may be violated as "scraps of paper". Remember Belgium!

If all nations, large and small, are permitted to use submarines, no one naval power can dominate the sea. The great-

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est navy in the world cannot rule the oceans. And it is not too much to say that no combination of navies can do it. The German U-boats fought the navies of the world and nearly won the World War under conditions most disadvantageous to them.

The recently expressed opinions of Admiral von Scheer on the subject of submarine warfare merit careful attention:

> It is by no means to the interest of all nations that a weapon such as the submarine should be forbidden, for it represents a balance against the possibility of being overwhelmed by powers which are unusually strong at sea.
>
> It is just possible that the true freedom of the seas may one day become reality. In that case the World War with Germany will not have been fought in vain, although she perished in the attempt.
>
> England can never again be supreme upon the sea.
>
> The submarine changes naval warfare inasmuch as it places the attacker at a disadvantage. This would cause a nation, contemplating war, to draw back. Thus the submarine becomes a weapon which urges peace!

The more we study this subject the more clearly it appears that the submarine, far from being a weapon to be condemned, is one to be exalted. Great nations fear it. Why? Because it stands squarely in the way of future aggression on the sea! Thus it may discourage war. A nation with a great merchant fleet, dependent upon it for her life, may stop and think twice or thrice before she forces war upon a nation, however weak, that is prepared to use submarines and air forces in self-defense. We find in Admiral Sims's book ample proof of the power of the submarine in preventing the "command of the sea" by a great surface navy. In which are the people of the world most interested just at present—in the "command of the sea" or in the "freedom of the sea"? Do they wish to aid the offensive or to strengthen the defensive? To aid the weak or to assist the strong? To increase taxation or to reduce it?

Navies cannot be abolished. War cannot be abolished. The power of the battleship, of the submarine, and of air forces must be intelligently studied as they affect the "command" as well as the "freedom" of the sea. The weak nation must not be left at the mercy of the strong upon the world's highway.

W. F. Fullam.

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AIRCRAFT *versus* BATTLESHIPS

BY CAPTAIN ROY CAMPBELL SMITH, U. S. N.

THIS is a question much discussed of late, notwithstanding the Conference on Limitation of Armament, one school holding that the reduced number of capital ships is an honest reduction, the other holding that battleships were in effect scrapped before the Conference began.

It is not proposed here to review the arguments that have been adduced on one side or the other, for they have been stated quite fully in the reports on the bombing tests last summer, when the surrendered German warships were destroyed by aircraft, and in numerous articles in the press. It may be accepted at once that bombs from aircraft are quite capable of destroying battleships.

Taking up the argument from this point on, nearly all the published articles assume a fleet at sea and hostile aircraft that have gained touch with such fleet, the assumption involving a situation in which one force is composed entirely of aircraft and the other force principally of surface ships, perhaps assisted by aircraft. If the air force is large this situation could easily result in the destruction of the fleet.

The conflict that ensues is a question of tactics. Tactics is a branch of the art of war that treats of the principles governing actual contact. Its theatre is the field of battle. It is a most important branch of the art. Other branches are strategy and logistics. Strategy gets the units to the field of battle, logistics supplies them *en route* and subsequently. Strategy and logistics, as distinguished from tactics, cover the whole theatre of war, and are not limited to the field of battle.

Strategy and logistics have been fully worked out for surface fleets. If they have been as fully worked out for aircraft, there has been little reference to it in the published discussions.

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The writer contributed an article to THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, for March, 1904, under the caption of *An Untechnical View of Warfare*, in which the elements of tactics and strategy were rather fully discussed. It was seen that there were inherent, or internal, elements in each, which governed the warfare of any given period, and that there were external, temporary, or accidental elements that affected particular battles or campaigns.

The inherent elements of tactics were seen to be weapons, mass, motion, resistance. Tactical results are achieved by the application of force, and force for such purpose is matter in motion. The power to resist force must also be considered Here then are all the inherent elements of tactics.

Weapons have been the dominating element of tactics in all ages. They are the means for the application of force. Mass taken in conjunction with motion determines momentum. Both of these elements concern both inert materials and living bodies, projectiles, ships, men, horses, their size, numbers, and method of motion. By resistance is meant rather passive resistance, which also includes protection. It is the reverse of vulnerability.

The external elements depend on the surroundings, such as the natural and artificial features of the field of battle, the weather and the light. They may influence a particular battle, but they do not influence the tactics of the age, which is based on the normal surroundings, as do the internal elements.

Now we come to the elements of strategy, first the inherent elements, depending on the forces themselves. Strategy covers the whole theatre of war. The forces must cover it also. To do this they must have sufficient means of transportation and self-sustaining capacity, which may be termed respectively locomotion and endurance. The last named quality has a partly technical meaning, separate from mere physical endurance. Fuel endurance, for instance, means the steaming radius without refueling. So the endurance of fighting forces in this sense means their self-sustaining capacity under normal conditions, not only in fuel, but in food, ammunition and all necessary supplies. The external elements of strategy are similar to those of tactics. They are the natural and artificial features of the whole theatre of war, such as roads, fortifications, commu-

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nications, population, harbors, naval bases, weather. The main difference between land strategy and sea strategy is that the external features are the prominent ones to be considered in the former, whereas in sea strategy the internal elements of locomotion and endurance, as above understood, are of greater consequence.

Having reaching this point it will be pertinent to quote directly a paragraph from THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW article previously cited (from page 434):

> The elements of tactics and strategy may sometimes be invoked to clarify thought in regard to disputed matters of policy. For instance, some years ago a French school advocated numerous small gunboats and torpedo-boats in place of a few ironclads; and, even in this country, at this day, there are people who believe it would be a good plan to stop building battleships and turn our whole attention to submarines. Considering the matter first in the light of the elements of tactics, there does not seem to be any self-evident conclusion in sight. If the one battleship and the many gunboats or submarines are actually on the field of battle within reach of each other, it may go hard with the battleship. But first to get them there. That concerns strategy. The elements are locomotion and endurance. Granted that the small vessels have sufficient locomotion and can make sea voyages, is it not endurance, or the power of continuous self-sustainment, in which they are totally lacking? The battleship carries the nation's power to any part of the world, and is independent of supplies for long periods. The gunboats and submarines are helpless without a moving base, and unless the moving base is a battleship, she too is helpless. This consideration seems to indicate that the battleship is an essential unit of the fleet, even granted that the smaller craft are thoroughly efficient in their own peculiar sphere.

Since the above was written the submarine has been much in evidence, but mainly in connection with the illegal sinking of merchant ships, now piracy. It is true that the records show that during the war more warships were sunk by submarines than by gun fire, but this does not argue that the submarine is fit to replace the battleship. The conditions of the war were peculiar. There was only one big naval battle, Jutland, and this was not fought to a finish. Also, the defense against submarines was little developed until during the course of the war, as for instance, in moving at speed, zigzagging, the use of listening devices, destroyers, depth bombs. If submarines increase in size and eventually become large enough to fill the rôle of the battleship, the case will be different. But that era has not yet arrived.

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Aircraft are a new arrival in warfare. Rams, torpedoes, and submarines have each in their turn been destined to revolutionize warfare afloat. Their advocates were convinced that the solution had at last been found. Time and experience decreed otherwise. The usual difficulty was that some inherent element of tactics or strategy had not even been considered.

To pass now to aircraft. If they can begin their flight near enough to the objective, and are in sufficient numbers, they can achieve success; but, as Rear-Admiral William Ledyard Rodgers pointed out recently, in an address before the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers, they cannot remain on the field of battle even if successful. Expressing the same idea in other words, they lack the essential inherent element of endurance, or self-sustaining capacity. That is, they are limited in their operations by their radius of movement. For coast defense there is no question that they are of the greatest value. For action farther afloat they must depend on a moving base, that is, an airplane carrier.

War fleets in these days are going to keep at a respectful distance from hostile coasts, for many reasons, among them mines and submarines, as well as aircraft. Fleets are for the purpose of opposing hostile fleets. If, however, they cannot act also against each other's coasts, of what use are they? Why cannot they all be abolished? Well, for one reason, sea-borne commerce will be in evidence for a long time to come, and will need protection. So fleets will be needed both to attack and to protect commerce, if for no other reason.

Commerce cannot be attacked by aircraft. That is, aircraft cannot capture ships, and they cannot destroy them without first putting their crews and passengers in a position of safety. It is true that German submarines did this very thing in the late war, contrary to the practice of international law. But the principle of the immunity of the passengers and crew has been reaffirmed by the Washington Conference, and it may be fairly assumed that it will not be violated by any civilized nation.

Aircraft can assist materially in attacks on commerce by scouting and directing the approach of surface craft capable of capturing the merchant ships without endangering the passen-

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gers and crews of the latter. Hence merchant ships will go mostly in convoys adequately protected by surface ships to repel the attacks of hostile surface ships. If the convoy is of great value, serious attempt will be made to capture it, and the hostile surface craft will be of corresponding power and importance. Equally the defense, to repel such an attack, must be of adequate power. To cruisers and destroyers the opposing forces will gradually add airplanes and carriers, then battle cruisers to protect the carriers and other surface craft, and finally, in their proper sphere, battleships.

Due to the lack of the essential inherent strategic element of endurance in the airplane, the battleship, strong in this element, thus finally comes to the assistance of the airplane.

An idea has been advanced that owing to the difficulty, if not the impossibility, of approaching hostile shores in these days, expeditionary forces for overseas operations are henceforth barred, and that armies hereafter are continental, for service only on the continent of their origin. This will be true if ways cannot be devised for convoying and landing expeditionary forces with some expectation of success. The great menace is of course aircraft. Mines and submarines and fortifications have been encountered in the past, notwithstanding which forces have been landed. The most effective method of opposing aircraft is with other aircraft. This at present would be a difficult operation if the sea passage were long, for all the resources of the invaded country would be at hand to supply aircraft on the coast to oppose the invader's aircraft arriving in carriers; unless indeed with the progress of aviation, sea transport becomes a thing of the past, and all communication becomes aërial. At such time, it is admitted, conditions will have changed and the day of battleships will have ended.

The question of the transport of armies will certainly be solved in one way or another, as all such questions have been solved in the past; for nations at war are not going to be satisfied with holding their armies at home merely because an ocean separates them from their enemies. The question is extraneous to the discussion of aircraft *versus* battleships as long as surface craft exist. The one present effective solution, as above stated,

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is the difficult one of accompanying the transports carrying the army with sufficient aircraft to meet the enemy's aircraft, which in the present state of the art of aviation requires airplane carriers; and this brings us back to other surface craft to protect the carriers, and eventually to battleships.

So in discussing present day conditions it is apparent that correct solutions cannot be reached unless all the elements affecting warfare are considered. It is evident that a means must exist of carrying the might and power of the nation—and this means numbers as well as force—to any part of the surface of the earth and there sustaining them as long as may be necessary. If aircraft can do this now, then no further discussion is needed. If they cannot do it, it is known that it can be done by surface craft. As long as surface craft exist there will be a capital fighting ship of maximum power and endurance, which may be different from the present battleships, but which will embrace all the features imposed by the tactics and strategy of the time, the continuing elements of which are weapons, mass, motion, resistance, locomotion, endurance. And any discussion of the relative value of fighting units that does not take into account all of these inherent elements may easily result in faulty deductions.

It may be stated in conclusion that the method of appealing to the elements of tactics and strategy is not in general use as such, and in fact it cannot be stated that the elements are generally recognized. A number of years ago the writer, while lecturing at Harvard on military and naval subjects, found the method of considerable value in arriving at satisfactory explanations of historical battles and campaigns; and after a historical search of a couple of years was of the opinion that all of the essential inherent elements of tactics and strategy were comprised in those that are named above. Though they are not mentioned as elements, they are always considered in one way or another by the planners of the battles and campaigns, and are also given due weight by the authors who have written convincingly on military and naval subjects.

ROY C. SMITH.

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CHEMICAL WARFARE IN THE FUTURE

BY CAPTAIN J. M. SCAMMELL, INF. O. R. C.

CHEMICAL warfare offers tremendous potentialities, not only in making war less cruel and less destructive, but in making it less frequent.

This statement will cause astonishment to those who, under the influence of widespread pacifist propaganda, are convinced that gas, the submarine and aircraft operate to make wars more frequent and more terrible. But those who have approached the subject of modern war from a rational and not from an emotional standpoint know that the statement is true. They know, moreover, that it is not so much the militarist as the pacifist who today, when democracy has become a widespread force, is the greatest menace to peace. This is because the professional pacifist's stock in trade is emotionalism, and not facts but illusions: the stuffs of which modern wars are made. The pacifist, who was the catspaw of Germany throughout the war, showed a remarkable contempt for facts; facts hampered his arguments and cramped his style. Nevertheless, without taking the pains to investigate, he was ready to render a ready-made final judgment upon any subject under the sun.

The prejudice against gas arose as a natural and wholesome reaction against the manner in which it was first introduced. Contrary to her pledged word, Germany released a particularly deadly and cruel gas, chlorine, in a treacherous cloud attack against defenseless men. The horror of it became, quite naturally but illogically, attached to the weapon more than to the wielder. We have largely forgiven the Germans, but we have not yet forgiven the gas.

And yet, as a nation, we have never in the past, in times of calm judgment, opposed the use of gas in war. When at The Hague, in 1899, the subject of its prohibition in war was raised, the American delegates refused to support it. When the dec-

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laration was drawn up, our representatives refused to sign it. The American naval delegate, Captain A. T. Mahan, made in his report a concise statement of the reasons for not signing:

> The United States naval delegate did not cast his vote silently, but gave his reasons, which at his demand were inserted in the report of the day's proceedings. These reasons were, briefly: 1. That no shell emitting such gases is as yet in practical use . . . 2. That the reproach of perfidy, addressed against these supposed shells, was equally uttered formerly against firearms and torpedoes, both of which are now employed without scruple. Until we know the effects of such asphyxiating shells, there is no saying whether they would be more or less merciful than missiles now permitted. 3. That it is not demonstrably humane to be tender about asphyxiating men with gas, when all were prepared to admit that it was allowable to blow the bottom out of an ironclad at midnight, throwing four or five hundred men into the sea, to be choked by water, with scarcely the remotest chance of escape.

There was but one other dissenting voice: that of Great Britain. But when Germany used gas in 1915 every belligerent nation was bound by the prohibition, for Great Britain adhered to it in 1907. Our country was therefore the only great civilized Power that refused to suscribe to the provision forbidding the use of gas. Nevertheless we took no steps to employ gas in warfare. Germany, on the other hand, ratified the agreement on September 4, 1900, but in 1904 began to experiment with gas for war purposes. Some of the German gas apparatus captured by the Allies bore the dates 1907 and 1908. Gas was first used in war by the Germans in 1915. The Allies, of course, found it necessary to employ it in self-defense. Nevertheless, as late as June, 1916, the French used only lachrymatory gases in retaliation. It was not until June 28, 1916, that they began to use lethal gases.

Meanwhile the Germans had introduced not only chlorine gas but phosgene. In 1917 mustard gas was used. Then a sneezing gas was introduced to neutralize the protection of the gas-mask, and then a lethal gas was sent over into the same area to finish the work begun.

By the time of the armistice three classes of gas were in use: irritant gases, lachrymatory gases, and vesicant gases. The first affect the respiratory system and are generally fatal in high concentrations. Chlorine and phosgene are examples. The second

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affect temporarily the eyes. Brom-acetone is an example. The third act on the skin, causing a "burn." Mustard gas is an example, although, if used in high concentrations, it affects the eyes and the respiratory and even the digestive system.

Tactically, gases are classified by their persistence. The degree of persistence is dependent not only upon the type of gas but also upon the degree of concentration, the method of projection, the terrain and the weather—temperature, moisture, wind, etc. The characteristically persistent gases are slightly volatile liquids, and it is the gradual vaporization that gives to them their persistent character. The non-persistent gases are quickly dissipated by the wind.

Now only two gases are effective in other than high concentrations: mustard gas and, to a certain extent, chloro-picrin. But high concentrations are difficult to achieve except under extraordinary conditions, in normal mobile warfare. And it must not be imagined that the stabilized warfare that characterized the greater part of the World War on the Western Front is a permanent characteristic of modern war. In many cases so infrequent will be the opportunities to use the majority of gases that, if any are used, it will be those that promise results in low concentrations. Our own Army gained its experience largely in semi-stabilized and in mobile warfare.

Except in the case of mustard gas, and in the event that the soldier has previously been exposed to a sneezing gas, the mask is a complete protection. Therefore among the most important uses of gas is that of reducing the physical and moral resistance of troops by forcing them to wear the mask for long periods. There is a second important characteristic of gas warfare: that the effect of a mild concentration is very difficult to diagnose, and continued activity on the part of a mildly gassed soldier may lead to serious consequences, while, if he remain inactive, he may suffer no ill-effects; and since a soldier must be given the benefit of the doubt, among troops of low morale a great opportunity for malingering is provided. Gas, therefore, by emphasizing the moral factor in war, decreases the stubbornness of the resistance of the side weaker morally, and decreases bloodshed thereby. From these arguments it will be seen that tactical

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requirements have reduced the number of gases that can be employed economically, and have largely restricted the uses of gas to the inflicting of mild and temporary casualties. That this is actually the case is strikingly confirmed by the casualty statistics of our Army.

Thus, of a total of 274,217 casualties, 74,573, or 27.3 per cent, were caused by gas. Of the total casualties, 23.4 per cent died. Of the total casualties, .429 per cent, or less than one-half of one per cent, died from gas! The total deaths in battle were 48,059. The total deaths in battle caused by gas are estimated at 206. The total number of all deaths from gas were 1,400.

The really significant figures are those showing that while gas caused 27.3 per cent of all casualties, of these only 1.87 per cent died! That is less than one-twelfth the percentage that died from the effects of other wounds. Gas, moreover, does not mutilate nor disfigure, and that it plays any part in causing tuberculosis it is difficult if not impossible to prove.

But it is not only that gas is, as now employed, by far the most humane of all the weapons yet devised, but, if we continue our research, as we are now doing, there are great possibilities that the humane characteristics which it has developed may be indefinitely increased. If the types causing only temporary disability, such as the tear gases and the sneezing gases, were developed to a point where they would become the most important tactically, many more serious casualties by shot and shell could be prevented. This is precisely what gas does now.

Not only is chemical warfare more humane in battle, but it decreases the likelihood of war. It excludes whole groups of peoples from fighting. For example, no longer can a savage people, or even a non-industrial nation, hope successfully to go to war with a power that uses gas. In conjunction with the submarine and with aircraft it so complicates a modern overseas campaign that again certain nations are excluded from fighting each other.

Finally, had we not wilfully thrown away the opportunity at the clamor of the emotionalists, there would have been placed in the hands of America the power to forbid war. No other nation is so favorably situated as regards wealth, position and re-

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sources, as to have no need to envy or to fear others. We are for that reason, if for no other, the most peacefully disposed of all nations. Moreover no other nation is so favorably situated as regards the use of gas in war. We have all the ingredients for all types of gases, within our confines, and we have them in great abundance. Again, we have the machinery for their production in bulk. We have the chemists and the inventive genius. Finally, no other weapon lends itself so readily to original and ingenious tactical use, and ingenuity and originality are characteristics of our people.

There are those who paint lurid pictures of gas attacks from aircraft on open cities. The best answer to this is that an overwhelming preponderance of air-strength would be necessary to carry out such an attack, for not only would it be a tremendous undertaking to obtain a sufficient concentration of gas to produce an appreciable effect, but the effect would not be worth the effort, particularly as the bombing planes would have to be escorted by combat planes in sufficient numbers to beat off all possible aerial counter-attacks.

Gas as a weapon of war has not been abolished. The Washington Conference, contrary to a widespread impression did not abolish it. It did not have the power to abolish it. But an agreement was made not to use it among the nations represented at the Conference. Other nations, such as Germany, may use it. Even the signatories of the agreement, if a non-signatory nation were to enter a war upon the side of one of them, would not be bound by the restriction. And even were the war confined to two of the signatory powers, gas would be used. An excuse for beginning could always be found. Accordingly the agreement has little practical effect, even assuming that it were desirable.

J. M. Scammell.

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PRINCIPLES UNDERLYING PROHIBITION —A REPLY

BY THE REV. JOHN COLE McKIM

SINCE Dr. Wheeler named me in the opening sentence of his article *Principles Underlying Prohibition* in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW of August, I am bound to infer that his article is intended to be, in some sense, a criticism of mine. But since he has left his readers to decide for themselves just when he is writing pertinently to my article and when to his own title, I too must have recourse to my own judgment for the determination of that obscure question. This is the more difficult because, though Dr. Wheeler conferred upon me the distinction of naming my article, he did not do me the further honor of quoting from it.

I

Dr. Wheeler's grave displeasure seems to me to be altogether disproportionate to the trifling importance which he attaches to my article. I must ask him to forgive me for pointing out that if I am a "driveling idiot" employing "scarecrow material", while what he advances is "beyond argument" and "as clear as the noonday", my whole argument was futile and his own, unless he imputes an extraordinary density to his readers, superfluous.

Dr. Wheeler, with possible reference to a passage in my article, writes: "All of this scarecrow material used by opponents of Prohibition has no foundation. . . ." I was wholly unaware, when I wrote the article which Dr. Wheeler appears to have under criticism, that I was adducing a hackneyed argument. For though I stated a hypothetical case, I had a number of actual happenings in mind. Last January, for instance, I was called to see a diphtheria case which followed, in almost every detail, the hypothetical case cited in my June article. That case was singularly free from any suspicious circumstance; for it occurred in an institution under the management of religious women; the

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attending physician was a woman who had long given her services without remuneration and received none in this case, and the patient was a little girl of seven. (In that case, if I remember correctly, spirits were legally obtained after some dangerous delay, through the kindness of another physician.) If, then, such argument is (and Dr. Wheeler ought to know) familiar, it is very probably because such instances could be multiplied.

I read Dr. Wheeler's article three days ago while awaiting a belated train in the Albany Union Depot. When I came upon the passage, "It is no violation of the law to prescribe liquor without a legal blank . . . *in an emergency*," I set out for a short stroll, in the course of which I made random visits to three respectable looking pharmacies. In each of them, in reply to my questions, I received the reply that it would be unsafe for a pharmacist to fill any such prescription and often impossible to investigate the plea of emergency within a reasonable time. One man said that if the case were certified over the telephone by a physician known to him, he might "take a chance". The other two said that if they were certain of the emergency they might supply the need, but that it would be safer not to file the prescription at all unless it was on a legal form. Thus, even if Dr. Wheeler's assertion be technically correct, the situation is full of danger.

But even if Dr. Wheeler be right and (if they only knew it!) physicians may write and pharmacists may fill these irregular prescriptions "in an emergency", it is still pertinent to inquire how the existence of such an emergency is to be determined. "For," says Dr. Wheeler, in his next paragraph, "it is indefensible to advocate that the individual can determine. . . ." Whose leaden footed (or leaden headed) verdict must individuals, physicians, parents, guardians, await while disease hurries its little victims into crises impatient of delay? None of these is to be trusted. "The law," we are pleasantly informed, "is the best friend of the child."

The next passage in Dr. Wheeler's article which conveys any suggestion of an intended relevance to mine is that in which he tells us that a person who does not know that beer is an intoxicating liquor is a "driveling idiot". If Dr. Wheeler will reëxamine

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my article he will see that I do not deny that beer can intoxicate susceptible people if taken in gluttonous quantities. That would be true of several beverages not prohibited by the Volstead Act. What I said was that a normal beverage use would not inebriate the average adult. The language of the Eighteenth Amendment relates to beverage use, not to gluttonous abuse. Doubtless two or three quarts of beer at a sitting might have a harmful effect. So might twenty pies. But neither would be a normal dietetic use. It would not surprise me to learn that there are, in the archives of the Anti-Saloon League, any number of statistics tending to show that the effects of keg parties are immeasurably more deleterious than those of pie eating contests. I could not accept the conclusions, however formidable the data, except in so far as they might tend to prove (what needs no proving) that, of the two, the keg parties have been the more frequent and the more frequented. That is because intelligent people who know the difference prefer beer to pie.

However, I am not immediately concerned to show that Dr. Wheeler's conclusions are wrong, but merely that they are irrelevant. The Eighteenth Amendment does not necessitate the prohibition of liquors which, if taken in normal beverage quantities, would not be likely to inebriate the average adult. The amount of liquid taken by the average adult scarcely exceeds two quarts a day or a pint at a single meal, and this total is inclusive of breakfast beverages, water, and soups. Dr. Wheeler apparently thinks that the use of beer in any quantity is wrong: but that is irrelevant to the legal question which he set out to discuss.

Yet, in addition to hinting that I have borrowed "scarecrow material" and that I have employed arguments which convict me "in one of the courts of Wisconsin" of driveling idiocy, Dr. Wheeler seems to imply that I am guilty of something very like high treason in contemplating the possibility of any modification of the Volstead Act, merely because that act has been found constitutional by the Supreme Court.[1] It is, however, a matter of common knowledge that a law may be more severe than it need be without becoming unconstitutional. The Volstead Act has

[1] Mr. William H. Anderson is quoted in a similar sense in *The Literary Digest* of July 22, 1922.

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been declared constitutional in this sense by a majority of the Supreme Court. So, if I remember rightly, was the Fugitive Slave Law.

It is saying much more than this and much more than can be supported by legal argument to maintain that such laws are, in meticulous detail, requisite to the loyal support of the Constitution.[1] So much for Dr. Wheeler's criticisms of me.

II

Dr. Wheeler says that there are principles underlying the Volstead Act; two of them.

The first of these principles is "that the people have an inherent right to better their conditions". An admirable statement! But its relationship to Dr. Wheeler's argument is that of a major premise. Before charging on to his conclusion that it underlies the Volstead Act, he ought to establish a minor premise covering the two points (a) that the Volstead Law is an act of "the people", and (b) that it "betters their conditions". Many Prohibitionists will consider it an act of sacrilege even to raise this last question: but the point at issue is not my heterodoxy with respect to Dr. Wheeler's religion, but whether or not the principle which constitutes his major premise really does underlie the Volstead Act.

Dr. Wheeler devotes more than a page to the adduction of evidence in support of the statement (concerning which there is no controversy) that the people have a right to better their condition (*sc.*, if they can do so without injustice to others), but he adduces no evidence tending to show that "the people" favor the Volstead Law or (what is more important) that it is such a law as a majority may justly impose upon a minority. All this, he merely remarks, "has been settled beyond controversy." Where there is no controversy, Dr. Wheeler gives us any number of good reasons for thinking as we do. Where it is notorious that there is

[1] A majority decision of the Supreme Court has, of course, the same legal validity as a unanimous finding, but it obviously lacks the same moral impressiveness. The fact that it was possible for a minority of the court to entertain a dissenting opinion knocks the bottom out of the contention that the absolute necessity of the Act to the integrity of the Constitution is obvious. I think I have as good a right as has Dr. Wheeler to argue from what the court has done to what it may do. Meanwhile let all good Oberlin men and loyal Ohioans render to this finding the same thoroughgoing respect which they yielded to the Dred Scott decision.

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a great deal of controversy, he is content to remark that there is none. There is a bird in Africa, far famed for its plumage. . . . But that is another story. I do not think Dr. Wheeler has shown that his principle underlies the Volstead Act.

"The next important principle . . . is that the beverage liquor traffic is so vicious," etc. The beverage liquor traffic has become notoriously vicious under the Volstead régime. But since it is difficult to imagine that even the most blindly devoted can see in this fact an argument in favor of the Act, it is probable that Dr. Wheeler had something else in mind. Whatever that something may have been, it is difficult to see how it can be maintained that such a statement embodies a principle. It is a categorical assertion, either true or false, of so sweeping and inclusive a character as to suggest that it is at best exaggerative.

Thus, of the two principles which Dr. Wheeler claims for the Act which he defends, the first does not underlie the Act, the second is not a principle.

There are three *obiter dicta* of Dr. Wheeler's which have been of some use to me in attempting to understand his point of view or to define his bias:

> The law is the child's best friend.
>
> The final goal of the Church and of Christianity is to have a standard of Christian citizenship that will always do its duty.
>
> It would be as justifiable to contend that all traffic laws should be repealed and speed maniacs be given free rein, because such an unfortunate circumstance might arise, as to say that the Prohibition statute should be repealed.

What would most of us think of the parent who could say of his own children that the law was their best friend? Or of the catholic theologian, sacred, moral or ascetic, who maintained that good citizenship was the final goal of Christianity? What are we to think of those who, sooner than see their pet law modified, would contemplate a repeal whose instant and obvious result would be such a harvest of death and mutilation as would not follow upon the abolition of all the laws forbidding murder?

This proffered holocaust shows us what Dr. Wheeler really is. He is a devotee. He is not really defending a thesis: he is defending the god whom he adores. Into that dark and sulphurous

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domain I cannot follow him: for the best respect that I can show the followers of Mani is to avoid the precincts of his gloomy temple.

III

But not all Prohibitionists are so wisely wary of argument. There has, of late, been a great deal of pamphleteering on both sides of the Prohibitionist controversy. It is amazing to observe the enormous amount of ink and energy thrown away upon elaborate guesses as to the size of a supposed popular majority for or against the Volstead Act. Until the inception of *The Literary Digest's* well conceived poll there has been little or no value in these imaginative computations. One line of argument is: A majority *must* have been in favor of National Prohibition for they were already living under State or local Prohibition. State and National Prohibition are widely different things because local Prohibition did not ordinarily mean that one was obliged by law to be a total abstainer. Consequently it cannot be argued that people favoring the one must necessarily favor the other. The argument is weaker even than this since it has been questioned, as much in several States as now in the Nation at large, whether a majority of the voters really favored the acts of (manipulated) legislatures.

Some Prohibitionist pamphlets employ another class of "statistics" which are likely to appear a trifle more impressive because many of the figures quoted are, so far as they go, accurate. These scientific data, as they are sometimes called, are usually based upon curious little experiments or upon actuarial experience.

The experiments usually take some such form as this: Two sets of people (usually students) are kept for a longer or shorter period, ranging from a day to a month, the one group on a teetotal diet, the other under the influence of drink. This leads up to a series of findings. Brain and body, we are told, are likely to be a trifle more lethargic directly after the consumption of a pint of beer than at some other times: new knowledge is not so quickly acquired (though the release of certain "lower brain centres" may bring old memories and stored knowledge to the tip of tongue or pen).

This is all done with such oracular solemnity that we are

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tempted to forget that we knew it all before; that we are simply being told that when men relax they are likely to be less active than when they are on the *qui vive*; that we are being offered nothing by way of evidence to show that those who believe in the ultimate usefulness of occasional relaxation, or that a man may work the better for an occasional release of hidden treasures from the storehouse of memory, must now abandon those convictions.

It is sometimes urged that actuarial statistics show conclusively that teetotalism is conducive of longevity. This is suggested by comparing the ascertained expectation of risks who profess to be total abstainers with that of the whole body of risks or (an ostensibly closer approach to the scientific spirit) with the expectation of those who describe themselves as "moderate drinkers".

There are two circumstances which tend to vitiate the conclusions which Prohibitionists seek to base upon these figures. The first is, of course, the fact that practically no one seeking and obtaining life insurance would describe himself as a more than moderate drinker, though most of us know insured men who can scarcely be described as "moderate".

The other point is that members of any minority group which for (alleged) hygienic reasons refuses to follow a common custom, are likely, even if mistaken concerning the particular point of divergence, to be taking more than average care of themselves. I have no doubt that, for this reason, one could compile similar statistics in favor of vegetarianism, refusal of coffee, tea, tobacco, *et hoc genus omne*.

It is a well known fact that priests, all of whom are obliged to use wine (many of them daily), are, in actuarial experience, a long-lived group. This is the more significant when we remember that they are not forever "taking care of themselves" like Prohibitionists and vegetarians, but are often exposed, in the course of their work, to every sort of exposure, hardship, contagion, and infection. The risks they run in these respects are certainly more than average, while those of the various "eugenics" theorists are probably less. But priests are a long-lived group and, speaking of moderate drinkers, you are not likely to find a class of men who are more certainly "drinkers" or more probably moderate.

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It would be incompetent to object that I am arguing not from a beverage but from a sacramental use of wine such as is not altogether prohibited by the Volstead Act. For the purposes of estimating the connexion (if any) between wine and longevity, the distinction is irrelevant. It may be useful to remind the reader that the doctrine of Transubstantiation does *not* imply any change in the material nature of the wine or modify its normal affects (whatever they may be) in the natural order.

The beverage and sacramental uses of wine have always been so closely interrelated that, to many minds, an attack upon the one leads logically to an attack upon the other and this, in turn, to an attack upon orthodox Christianity. This point was argued at some length in my article in the July, 1918, number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

* * *

I close my article with this reference to the two most plausible Prohibitionist arguments that I have recently seen, because I do not like to seem to make Dr. Wheeler's paucity of logic a pretext for ignoring familiar arguments which he may have had in mind and which, but for my now dealing with them, he might think it necessary to adduce by way of rebuttal.

JOHN COLE MCKIM.

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OUR NEW RACIAL DRAMA

BY HERBERT FRANCIS SHERWOOD

THE Piedmont Plateau in the South is the present stage of a racial drama which has hardly yet been recognized, so quietly and rapidly has the cast been drawn and the action begun. A new social and economic factor has been injected into American life, which may submerge or transform one of the most romantic and heroic race stocks in the United States. Three-quarters of a million of the spare-figured mountaineers, chiefly of Scotch-Irish ancestry, have left their dark one- and two-room log cabins in the mountain "coves" of Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia, and are now to be found living in four-room boarded houses in villages and cities, of from one thousand up to thirty and forty thousand population, and working with their hands in cotton mills. So great and so recent is the change in altitude, physical environment, diet, manner of gaining a living, and social relationships, that it is well nigh impossible even in this age of superlatives to find words adequately to measure the gulf separating the abandoned isolated cabins up in the mountains from the rows of neat stucco bungalows found in some of the cotton mill towns scattered along the Piedmont Plateau.

The elements in the drama are so different from those found in any other racial question presented to the American people that one observes it with double interest. Unlike most of our racial problems, it is not one of Americanization. The mountaineers of the Southern Appalachians are no newcomers. They are of stock that has always stood on the frontier of civilization because of its moral fibre and earnestness of conviction. Lineal descendants chiefly are they of those Scottish folk who in the days of James I, following the suppression of the Irish Rebellion in Elizabeth's reign, were transplanted from the Lowlands of Scotland to the North of Ireland. They carried with them the obstinate and hard-fisted religious convictions of Knox and the Cove-

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nanters. Harassed by English priests and Parliament because of their non-conforming Presbyterianism, they set forth once again. Not less than half a million souls, more than half the Presbyterian population of North Ireland, according to John Fiske, crossed the Atlantic between the years 1730 and 1770. At the outbreak of the Revolution they comprised one-sixth of the population of the American Colonies.

The kind of men they were is indicated by their promulgation of the "Mecklenburg Declaration," and the declaration of the council of mountaineers who met at Abingdon, Virginia, at the junction of the valleys of the Blue Ridge and East Tennessee on January 20, 1775. The latter, in the language of Bancroft, "resolved never to surrender, but to live and die for liberty." It was no tax on tea that stirred them, but the native impulses that had launched them upon the sea on the way to America. They were the rear guard of the Revolution, opposing the onslaughts of the Tory-led Cherokees and capturing supplies of British ammunition. They broke up important campaign plans through such heroic and romantic exploits as the Battle of King's Mountain, in 1780, when 960 militiamen, nearly all of them mountaineers, led by Presbyterian elders, went forth with "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon" and took by storm that natural fortress with its garrison of more than 1100 English soldiers. These free-lance mountain woodsmen, without equipment or hope of monetary recompense, in the words of Jefferson, thus gloriously announced the "turn in the tide of success which terminated the Revolutionary War with the seal of independence". With the notch of King's Mountain on their rifle stocks, they turned about and without a day's rest marched three hundred miles into the wilderness to beat back the threatened descent of the Indians upon the settlements, and accomplished their purpose in one short month at Boyd's Creek. Nor can one forget what they did in the War of 1812 under General Jackson, one of their own kind, against the Indians and at the Battle of New Orleans. The names of "Sam" Houston and "Stonewall" Jackson, and their deeds in the Civil War, proclaim the quality of their blood.

Such is the stock which furnishes the new Southern social and

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economic factor. Pressed back into the sequestered folds of the mountains, and sealed in by differences in temperament between themselves and the planters on the coastal plain, they became more and more isolated. Their segregation was so complete that a negro was a curiosity to many of them. This is no problem of color. Their isolation has reflected upon their psychology as a race. Money largely disappeared. A family might come into possession of ten or fifteen dollars in the course of a year. Business was conducted by barter. In the clearings around the one- and two-room cabins were kept a few animals, including perhaps a horse, hogs, and one or two cows. Sufficient grass, corn, cotton and tobacco were raised to furnish food and clothing for the family and solace for the solitude of the mountains. Their rifles added variety to the larder. Corn whiskey, or "moonshine", made for their own use, furnished spice. With no accessible schools, illiteracy became the rule. Their inherent qualities were dulled, but their instinct for religion and their inclination to hospitality were preserved through the obstinacy of their nature.

Through a period of one hundred and fifty years they have been habituating themselves to the wild, free life of the huntsman, living from hand to mouth in a literal sense. Only one-fifth of the Southern mountaineers, until recently, lived in communities of one thousand or more population. They are proudly independent and high-spirited, and, strange as it may seem when one recalls the large families reared in the one-room abodes, comparatively free from immorality.

When the expansion of American industry led to the location of factories in the neighborhood of the sources of raw material, the eyes of producers of cotton textiles were turned toward the cotton fields of the Carolinas and the western slopes of the Appalachians in East Tennessee. Erection of manufacturing plants in new regions had been made possible by the discovery of processes and the invention of machinery which were so nearly automatic and foolproof in their operation that unskilled labor could take the place of skilled workers. The rushing tide of alien peasantry seeking to improve their economic status furnished the workers required in New England and the Middle

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States. But to the Carolinas there came few aliens. They were not greatly desired, and racial conditions in the South acted as a further deterrent. The red-soiled rivers flowing down from the mountains and crossing the Piedmont Plateau would furnish the water power and the essential humidity for spinning. But where were the workers to come from? Negroes could not be employed for the mechanical operations. They were not only required on the plantation, but there were other obstacles. Up in the mountains was an abundant labor supply, if it could be mobilized. While the adults with fixed notions and fingers stiffened by years of hunting and handling of the hoe could not catch up and splice together the broken strands passing through the spinning frames, there were the large families of mountaineer children whose nimble fingers could. So factories were erected on the banks of the ruddy rivers, and four-room houses were constructed around them by the textile companies to house the workers. Company stores were provided to supply their various wants. Villages rose where before no structures had broken the sloping contour of the country.

Then the employment agents went up into the mountains. They followed the trails back into the hamlets and to the isolated cabins in search of recruits for the spindles and the looms. They peered into the gloomy shadows of the log shelters, illuminated in winter by the fire in a crude stone fireplace and in summer by small shuttered rectangular openings in the walls. How could families of ten or a dozen find space to grow up in such quarters? They stopped outside in the clearing and discussed employment with the head of the household.

"You've got only one room here," they would argue. "We can give you a fine, boarded, four-room house with glass in the windows, ground around it for a garden, and a shelter for a cow. It'll be a short 'piece' from your work. You don't have much money up here. If you come down to the mill you can earn a dollar a day. The children can work, too. They'll bring in more money in a week than you see here in a year. We'll see that you get down all right. If you'll be at the railroad station on Wednesday, I'll meet you there with some of your neighbors and all will go down on the train together."

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Many thought they would go down and try it. They argued to themselves that they could come back again—in fact, they would, as soon as they had saved up some money. Possessed of the old notion that their children were their personal property until the age of twenty-one, the possibility of gaining money through the toil of their offspring strongly appealed to them. (Indeed, this feeling of the mountaineers regarding their children added to the difficulty of eliminating child labor.)

Thus opened the social and economic drama for one of America's sturdiest races. Child labor had become a fact; eight-, nine- and ten-year old youngsters were supporting families unaccustomed to the cramped quarters of a town. While the weekly rent was only 25 cents a room, and only a moderate amount of fuel was required for heating, yet somehow the money was never available for the return to the mountains. There were the deductions from the wages at the company store for supplies of food and clothing purchased. Poverty may have been the curse of the mountains, but life in a closely packed community has a price that must be paid. No one gets something for nothing.

There have been changes of other kinds. The survivors of the children who toiled in the mills in the earlier days now have children of their own, either in the mills or approaching the working age. The latter is not the early age it was when the Southern textile industry was started. The States in which child labor was prevalent, and the mill operators, have inquired into the matter and taken action. In South Carolina, for instance, education is compulsory. No child may work in a mill under fourteen years of age. Between the ages of fourteen and sixteen, only those who measure up to certain educational and physical standards may work. Their work day is limited to eight hours. For those over sixteen, the legal limit is ten hours. Child labor is disappearing.

The effect of changed environment on human beings accustomed to primitive conditions has manifested itself, as might be expected. To the alteration in diet are charged many of the cases of pellagra which occurred in the South a few years ago. When it broke out in the cotton mill villages it was supposed to have originated from the eating of rotten corn meal. Among the

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poor, it was known as "the corn bread disease". It was later considered a form of starvation, due to unbalanced diet from which the protein and vitamines, through ignorance, had been omitted. The simple mountain folk, accustomed to a dietary of milk, vegetables, game, and other natural products of the mountains, and altogether ignorant of food values and proper methods of cooking, fell into the habit of eating along the line of least resistance, food most easily and quickly prepared.

The abandonment of the ancestral home in the mountains, the breaking of the ties of the past, the parting from century-old traditions and habits of living, have left them footloose. They are wanderers from mill to mill, from company house to company house, their furniture, often bought on the instalment plan, gradually disintegrating. They are so close to their past that no new traditions or customs have been developed and few anchors put down. The war, however, with its high rates of pay, opened the door for those whose instincts were toward stabilization. The workers, for the first time in their lives, were in a position to save money. Some did this. With the aid of building and loan associations, which sprang up in the larger places, they began building houses for themselves.

A large proportion, however, of the mountaineer workers live in houses owned by the companies that employ them. In not a few cases, the entire village where the mill is located is the property of the mill company. The more progressive mill men have sought to bring about stability of their working forces and contentment by the development of special housing and social facilities. Model villages have been erected. One such near the boundary line between North and South Carolina, in addition to the usual stores, churches and schoolhouses, includes a Y.M.C.A., a Y.W.C.A., a Community House, an auditorium fitted with motion picture apparatus, and playgrounds furnished with gymnastic and athletic equipment. The objection is that one man or group of men controls the whole community, economically and socially.

Many other mill men have provided some of these facilities. There is a tendency to meet the demand for better houses, or at least to offer more attractive dwelling places to the workers as a

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means of stabilization. In one South Carolina city, most attractive looking, one story stucco bungalows, enclosed to the ground, are being erected by a mill company to rent at fifty cents a room, weekly. They front on an asphalt paved street and have concrete sidewalks in front. Most of the older company houses are erected on brick pillars and are open underneath. The rent and the bill for household supplies at the Company's store are deducted from the pay envelope. The wages range from eight to fourteen dollars a week according to the work.

Will the workers of the new generation of the mountaineers, who are better acquainted with village life and industrial labor than they are with the mountain environment of their parents, add to the complex social problem so closely interwoven with massed production? It is difficult to answer the question. In other parts of the country, the existence of a mechanical industry of the proportion of the textile industry in the South—approximately one-third of the cotton textiles of the country are produced below Mason and Dixon's line—has led to organization of workers and to unrest. Will it be the same in the Piedmont district? Will the adaptation to the new environment be evolutionary or revolutionary? There have been sporadic labor disturbances, but how far they are symptomatic, remains to be demonstrated.

In the mean time, there is an opportunity to utilize industrial experience gained elsewhere toward making the process evolutionary. Certain Southern educators have been thinking about ways of developing an educated leadership among the mountaineers, a leadership which will include mill administrators as well as clergymen and social workers. A difficulty encountered is that of bringing educational facilities and the ambitious, socially-minded mountaineer together. For a century, poverty has cursed the mountaineers. Life in the mill has not brought surcease from the ills of poverty. Spending as fast as they earn in their hospitable way, having in general little appreciation of the value of education, and bound together by filial affection and a sense of responsibility on the part of the children and a belief in property rights in childhood on the part of the parents, it has proved difficult to develop a sufficiently strong desire for training to bring

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about a temporary sacrifice of earnings and a direct expenditure of money for the purpose of acquiring an education.

In the effort to overcome this obstacle, Dr. D. E. Camak, a Methodist preacher of Scotch-Irish stock, started eleven years ago in Spartanburg, South Carolina, a school which should furnish opportunities for earning and learning simultaneously. Through co-operation with progressive neighboring mill men he set in operation a plan whereby students could work in the mill a week and study a week. In this way they were enabled to earn enough to meet all personal expenses and the cost of their education. This plan was a test of quality, for only the ambitious and capable would undertake the work of the school under such conditions. None under sixteen years of age were admitted. The average age of the students is twenty-two years. Only a small number of them in the past have had more than a few months' schooling, prior to admission, as they have been obliged to work since childhood, or have spent their earlier years in the mountains where there were no schools.

In the course of the ten years of its existence upwards of 1,000 students, from eight Southern States, have passed through this school. In order to assure its students the highest type of textile training in addition to schooling, and at the same time increase their opportunities for earning their way through school, the institution, now known as the Textile Industrial Institute, has erected a model mill in which all the processes are carried on from the raw material to the finished cloth, dyed and mercerized, ready for cutting up into garments. There is no other school like it, or apparently which so fully meets the need. It is through a trained, Christianized group of mill foremen and superintendents, understanding the experiences and needs of the mountaineer workers, that the Institute sees a way of guiding this great army along sane evolutionary channels.

Thus a great American racial, social and industrial drama is being enacted on the Piedmont Plateau, with an unrivaled opportunity of applying the lessons of experience and avoiding some of the unhappy mistakes of the past.

HERBERT FRANCIS SHERWOOD.

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TO LOVE

BY FRANCES DICKENSON PINDER

I care not if you go—
If when the pipes of spring
Fall faint as petals
On the rainbow hush
Of dreams . . .
Or when importunate summer
Presses her deep heart to mine
Through aching days
And nights
Tormented of the moon;
Nor if you go to meet
The gypsy of the year,
To dance with her
Within the windless wood
A scarlet measure—
I shall not care . . .
But if you wait till the first snow,
I shall not know—
I shall be spared
The moment when you go!

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I'LL BE YOUR EPITAPH!

BY LEONORA SPEYER

Over your dear, dead heart I'll lift,
As lightly as a bough,
Saying, "Here lies the false, high song,
Cruelly quiet now."

I'll say, "Here lies the lying sword,
Still dripping with my truth;
Here lies the lovely sheath I made,
Embroidered with my youth."

I'll sing, "Here lies, here lies, here lies!"
— *Ah, rust in peace below!*—
Passers will wonder at my words,
But your dark dust will know.

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BOOTH TARKINGTON:
THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN

BY EDITH FRANKLIN WYATT

I

LONG ago at a distinguished performance by the Daly Company of *As You Like It*, I suddenly became conscious of how large a part of the poetry of that comedy is made by the different ages of the characters, the different lengths of the earthly pilgrimages portrayed in the forest sunlight of the enchanted piece—

> Annihilating all that's made
> To a green thought in a green shade.

Queerly enough it was not from the author's set statement on the subject in the celebrated speech on the Seven Ages, but from the whole composition, that I received this impression of true poetry. I was about fifteen, and being only too ready to see everything in the light of simplifications rather too large and fabular was delighted to conceive the earth as peopled by pilgrims reaching different points of a great journey. Ever since that agreeable matinee—and for some time before—I have found a peculiar enjoyment in the fiction of authors markedly competent in the characterization of age.

Every artist has a right, of course, to leave out this familiar element of reality, and with it the mystery and poetry of that reality; and in view of this fact it is astonishing how many writers of fiction choose, not so much to omit or to subdue age-characterizations, as to touch them in with a singular insensitiveness. With many fiction-writers no realization of any of the persons of a story occurs, where these are under twenty or over thirty. Outside this decade everyone in the book will sink into some dim limbo from which they emerge only to speak all out of their parts before returning to the vague from which their uninterested

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creator has but partly evoked their unformed features. Or sometimes the creator appears interested enough; and indeed gives almost too much space and attention to infancy or those of advanced years. But it is of no avail, if the root of the matter be lacking, if the flame of concern, romance, sympathy, excitement for all ages as integral parts of the human story everyone must live, never illumine the presentation.

After many years of noticing this element of the art of fiction I have come to the conclusion that it has nothing—or very little—to do with the author's own age. It is conditioned chiefly by craftsmanship. Just as Kate Greenaway always "had difficulty in drawing feet and legs", so numbers of writers otherwise of high competence seem unable to portray babies or children, or people in early or late middle life.

Those who possess any technique here have commanded so little appreciation for it, generally, that one hardly knows whether to be more pleased with Mr. Booth Tarkington's remarkable genius in this direction, as evinced in *Seventeen* and other tales of his, or with the wide sympathy and applause accorded to that masterpiece.

This began with *Penrod*. I think it began with Penrod and Duke in the barn; and with that scene of the ambitions and occupations of eleven years, where the dog is at last placed in the basket, and lifted precariously by a clothes-line to the height of the feed-box, after his master's cries of "Elevater! Ting-ting!" Of course it is not only the eleven-year old consciousness of Penrod, but the infantile Mitchy-Mitch, and the unfortunate eight-year-old "Baby" Rennsdale, shunned as a pest in the dancing school of those three years her seniors, that delight the reader with their luminous precisions.

It was in *Penrod* too that one first noticed, as a reader, the author's gift in the expression of daydreams—Penrod's romance, *Harold Ramorez*, Penrod's dream during school-hours of astounding his fellow-pupils and long-suffering teacher by floating above them in the air, Penrod's histrionically prolonged appearance as a cripple after his fall from the barn ridge-pole, Penrod's fascinated existence as a weak imitation of the bully, Rupe Collins, his new acquaintance in the alley:

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At the dinner-table, that evening, Penrod surprised his family by remarking in a voice they had never heard him attempt—a law-giving voice of intentional gruffness:

"Any man that's makin' a hunderd dollars a month is makin' good money."

"What?" asked Mr. Schofield, staring, for the previous conversation had concerned the illness of an infant relative in Council Bluffs.

"Any man that's makin' a hunderd dollars a month is makin' good money."

"Good money?" repeated Margaret curiously. "What is good money?"

Penrod turned upon her a stern glance.

"Say, wouldn't you be just as happy if you had *some* sense?"

"Penrod!" shouted his father. But Penrod's mother gazed with dismay at her son; he had never before spoken like that to his sister.

That bully, met so casually, and Penrod's mental subjection to him, are portrayed with an originality so subtle in its expression that one is fully acquainted with Rupe before his second appearance and hardly needs more than a word or two to understand his stupidity, his cruelty, his irrational self-assertion. He torments dumb animals. He swaggers over younger children and torments them too. He exhibits the last competitiveness of the alarmed dominator fearful lest he be overcome for an instant by a glance, in any respect. Penrod's temporary susceptibility to his intolerable friend and torturer is complete.

It will be recalled that the magic spell cast by Rupe Collins upon the now almost equally intolerable Penrod is broken only by the defeat of Rupe at the hands of his two youngest and supposedly weakest victims, the incomparable "colored troops in action", the brothers Herman and Verman.

After the bludgy, defeated Rupe is chased screaming down the alley by the equally bludgy but victorious and elated Herman and Verman, after justice seems to have succeeded, and truth crushed to earth appears to have risen again, Penrod and his friend Sam bid each other good-night in a feeble, tentative manner, and without oral comment on the scene. Penrod returns home, and spontaneously voluntarily blacks his father's boots. The spell is broken forever. "Penrod was zig-zagging back to normal."

The description of this hand-to-hand conflict between Rupe and Herman and Verman constitutes one of the most unique and stimulating delineations of a fight that American fiction can offer.

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Except the fight in Cashel Byron and Hazlitt's famous essay I cannot think of anything else in the language to compare fitly with this tale of fisticuffs. Its last touch has something quite beyond the finales of Mr. Shaw's or Hazlitt's capital pieces. Another composer than Mr. Tarkington might have ended on the mere successful outcome of the fight, or the shout of triumphant justice. But he follows the air of the music of real life further, and ends on a turn of existence which appears to me more subtly discerned.

After all the street and the court combats of the kind I have ever seen—struggles inspired by some needless, hateful piece of oppression, and resulting in a victory by force over the oppressor the more civilized observers have generally departed in a mood quite strikingly like Sam's and Penrod's, a respect for other than forceful methods, a silent belief in mutual aids, a mute, instinctive identification with all such means of common understanding and common reliance as we and our forbears have contrived in the savagery around us.

Too much to read into this masterly sketch of a boy's fight, and the impression it made upon a boyish on-looker? Perhaps. Yet, for me the implications of Penrod's impression are a leading distinction in the craft of a penetrating artist, implications of truth none the less clear from their lightness of outline and their tone of comedy. Each age of man has its own characteristic means of expression. Whatever this expression it seems probable that more men above twelve years of age than has ever been admitted have come home in Penrod's mood, after observing the splendors of elemental combat.

Indeed nothing has been more dully idealized and romanticised than the prestige and the entire "claque" of irrational brow-beaters. In more than one of his stories of the cruelties of existence, Mr. Tarkington has had something new and remarkable to say about the age-old tale of bullies and of stupid conquests and submissions.

II

It is an art to conceal art; and the world had hardly realized how brilliantly the ages of the neighborhood children in *Penrod*

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were expressed, when Willie Baxter was sent by his mother to bring her a wash-boiler. He walked home with the wash-boiler on his head, and the thoughts of seventeen inside it; and brought an endless delight to all those members of American families who happened not to be seventeen.

Yet if the world now realized that the terrible malady was described with the clarity of the undeniable, this was not because *Seventeen* has less art than the *Penrod*. Indeed, in my view, it has more. It was partly because the world has a more distinct pre-conception of seventeen than of eleven, and partly I suppose because the book's composition was somewhat more focussed on the inner life of seventeen than Penrod had been on the inner life of eleven.

Seventeen seemed to afford an immense, æsthetic relief to a large and suffering class—the vast class of devoted American parents. The most loyal of these could permit herself or himself to enjoy freely the outbreaks of Mr. Parcher, the caryatid patience of Mrs. Baxter. For the imaginative sympathy out of which Willie Baxter's figure is created is gentle enough to reassure the most indulgent parent.

It has indeed the absolute gentleness and reverence characteristic of the genuine truth-seeker. For truth is subtle and fugitive and much more likely to be seen at large, in her living manifestations by those who are willing to create confidence in her by sitting around harmlessly on the grass all day and carrying no destructive weapons with them than by those who go out with a ruthless rifle, and all the disaffecting paraphernalia of the logical truth-hunter to the death, who can often show truth at full length indeed, but only as a corpse.

William's thoughts . . . were not very definite . . . taking the form of sweet, vague pictures of the future. These pictures were of married life; that is, married life as William conceived it for himself and Miss Pratt—something strikingly different from that he had observed as led by his mother and father, or their friends and relatives. In his rapt mind he beheld Miss Pratt walking beside him "through life," with her little parasol and her little dog—her exquisite face always lifted playfully toward his own (with admiration underneath the playfulness), and he heard her voice of silver always rippling "baby-talk" throughout all the years to come. He saw her applauding his triumphs—though these remained indefinite in his mind, and he was unable to foreshadow

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the business or profession which was to provide the amazing mansion (mainly conservatory) which he pictured as their home. Surrounded by flowers, and maintaining a private orchestra, he saw Miss Pratt and himself growing old together, attaining to such ages as thirty and even thirty-five, still in perfect harmony, and always either dancing in the evenings or strolling hand in hand in the moonlight. Sometimes they would visit the nursery where curly-headed, rosy cherubs played upon a white-bear rug in the firelight. These were all boys and ready-made, the youngest being three years old and without a past. They would be beautiful children, happy with their luxurious toys on the bear rug, and they would *never* be seen in any part of the house except the nursery.

Many authors have expressed for us the thoughts of the thoughtful. But only a few of the most brilliant have succeeded in narrating the thoughts of those who can hardly be said to think at all. Youth's mental inconclusiveness, vacancy, imbecile, absurd idealizations, the singular fancied scenes that haunt youth's inner vision—above all youth's extraordinary lack of humor—all these as portrayed in *Seventeen* strike one as creating the subtlest, living image of truth.

III

The end of *Seventeen* and the end of *Gentle Julia* are of a subtle and living truth, too; and it is difficult to say why the close of each of these books strikes one as unsatisfactory. Of course one dislikes greatly to have either of these stories stop. That is undoubtedly the chief cause of one's discontent. But I believe it has also other and less simple grounds.

In the marionette shows of Italy whole populaces become interested in the fates of certain puppets whose fortunes they follow through many years. The interest Booth Tarkington's people arouse is akin to this. One of the most pleasing concomitants of his great gift is that, as with the re-active influence of Falstaff's humor, it is a cause of a more acute sense of the art of entertainment in others.

The enthusiastic audience of Willie Baxter and Flappitt and Florence and Herbert and Kitty Silver and the infuriated Mr. Atwater is not composed of persons waiting to see whether any of these characters will be murdered in the next chapter, or will die or be abducted as the result of a chase by a pursuant auto-

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mobile. The audience waits to see something much more novel and essentially mysterious than the outcome of any of these familiar, sensational "dodges". The audience waits to watch the next day of the real life of old friends.

One knows very well that this life in the Atwater, the Dill, the Parcher and Baxter families is going on in the inconclusive manner of existence on this globe; and what seems to end one's delightful information about it is the mere, trying, artificial requirement of publication and the necessity for enclosing a book between covers.

Seventeen and *Gentle Julia* appeared in the periodicals over a space of three or four years: and perhaps it was this manner of presenting different aspects of the lives of Willie Baxter and Jane and Julia and Florence and Herbert and Noble Dill that aided in creating a peculiar kind of response. One seems to know these children and grown-up children just as one knows the children and grown-up children of friends and neighbors over a period of years. The population of these two books has entered our consciousness in a manner very different from that of the persons in the novel one "reads through at one sitting"—and will never read through at another sitting.

This effect of *Seventeen* and of *Gentle Julia* is in some respects comparable to that of those daily cartoonists of domestic subjects who have recently become so valuable, indeed so indispensable a part of our national life. Of course the lines that tell us of the sudden, intended departure of Noble Dill for China, and his equally sudden oblivion of his intention belong to an art of fiction which has all the dimensions, and *Someone is Always Taking the Joy out of Life* and *When a Feller Needs a Friend* belong to an art of two dimensions. But their basic material is in some respects the same. Briggs's pictures and Booth Tarkington's pictures are even akin in some of their points of view—in their conceptions of the individual lives of dogs for instance, and in their agreeable opinions of the intelligence and patience of women.

In the midst of the panic-stricken outcries of all the authors who go in terror lest the progress of civilization be successfully opposed and destroyed by the dangerous folly and vanity of

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woman, the alarms voiced in *Idle Wives*, *The Feminine Nuisance*, etc., it ought to brighten the gloom surrounding these writers to learn that such rare types of women may sometimes be seen on earth as those who perennially save the situation in *O Man!* and produce the evening coat for Willie Baxter and let Jane splash in the rain-puddles.

Yet it is perhaps more probable that to writers with this depressing view of human progress such a manifestation as *Gentle Julia* must seem ominous in the extreme. For *Gentle Julia*—besides being a number of other things—is a highly humorous, and lively presentation of the phenomenon of our land known as "queening". On the whole it is a laudatory presentation of some of those very motifs in our civilization which are so terrifying to the alarmists I have mentioned. Julia moves escorted by constant "attentions" and material extravagances. Is "spoiled" from birth. Gifts, flowers, verse, festivity embower her passage through existence. She is kind as she is fair. Indeed there is the main difficulty—not that she is too idle, too vain, or too extravagant, though she is all these—but that she simply cannot help being too pleasant to the opposite sex.

> It was a summer walk that Julia had dressed for: and she was all too dashingly a picture of coolness on a hot day; a brunette in murmurous white, though her little hat was a film of blackest blue, and thus also in belt and parasol she had almost matched the color of her eyes.

It is all a thing of the most attractive summer walks and piazzas and light, floating dresses, and nonsense and Arcadia and sunlight and dancing and dancing and dancing, and grace and humorous grief and delight.

Every nation and every epoch—that amounts to anything—have excellent way-side shrines for demi-gods. Heine and Theocritus and Théophile Gautier, and the authors whose tributes deck the Greek Anthology have heaped the altars of these local deities high with leafy coronals and vivid fruits and trophies of shell and ivory and purple silk. These half-gods have never caused the gods to go. Gods who go because silliness persists on earth must be of very faint powers of prevalence. Our own epoch suffers in its letters from a considerable hypocrisy about prettiness—the chief use of all wayside shrines: and lacks

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imagination to hear the shepherds pipe to Pan, or see the white and silver flash of Thetis's ankles in a thousand minor charms and lovely graces of existence that happen to be contemporaneous. Perhaps pretentiousness is the name of the shoals where the—

> Mighty vessels have been wrecked by Time,
> Since Herrick launched his cockle-shells of rhyme.

Especially the fiction of our own time often seems poorer for its dearth of an art of simple, refreshing prettiness without any assumption of being anything else—a simple refreshing prettiness such as was not beneath the uses of Marlowe or Shakespeare or Homer or Victor Hugo—not to mention the lesser masters referred to before. On this side, the agreeable, humorous picture of "queening" at our local American shrines which *Gentle Julia* perpetuates is all to the good.

Outside these considerations it should be said that here again Mr. Tarkington excels in his expression of the emotions of a certain age and in his expression of daydreams, the visions of that touching, enamored idiot, Noble Dill, the visions of young Herbert, the visions of young Florence.

But the most pleasant among the willing and unwilling attendants about Julia's shrine is one whose dreams apparently are better than those of humans—the figure of the black poodle Gammire. He is one of those magical outré beings of fiction like Count Fosco, Undine and Valmajour, who key the arch of the entertainment; and everything is chorded in the composition from the time when Gamin, "the golden-hearted little clown of all the world,"—

> . . . "sat up" on his haunches, put his forepaws together above his nose in an attitude of prayer, and looked at her inscrutably from under the great bang of hair that fell like a black chrysanthemum over his forehead. Beneath this wooly lambrequin his eyes were visible as two garnet sparks. . . .
>
> This dog was of a kind at the top of dog kingdoms. His size was neither insignificant nor great; probably his weight would have been between a fourth and a third of a St. Bernard's. He had the finest head for adroit thinking that is known among dogs: and he had an athletic body, the forepart muffled and lost in a mass of corded black fleece, but the rest of him sharply clipped from the chest aft; and his trim, slim legs were clipped, though tufts were left at his ankles, and at the tip of his short tail, with two upon his hips, like fanciful buttons of an imaginary jacket; for thus have such dogs been clipped

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to a fashion proper and comfortable for them ever since (and no doubt long before) an Imperial Roman sculptor so chiselled one in bas-relief.

Mr. Tarkington's fiction has the interest of the work of one who seems to have kept an artist's note-book. Street-scenes, pictures of dogs, cats, washerwomen, cooks, back-yards, picnics, and a great quantity of admirable still-lifes—the serial story of the automobile-equine survival—are rendered with the vivacity of a quick sense of picturesque aspects of existence which are not conventionally picturesque.

Considering all the singularities, exceptions and oddities of creation which the pages of fiction that I have read have chosen to describe, I have never found that one author, or all authors put together represented the world as half as "queer", half as bizarre as it is, half as full as it is of by-paths and mongrel types, and peculiar human fates and curious human viewpoints. Perhaps this accounts for the remarkable pleasure afforded by such scenes of Mr. Tarkington's as that between the children and Kitty Silver, when the latter says she "wont be no cat washwoman": the scene of Noble Dill's enthusiastic bestowal of the umbrella on the desperate Mr. Atwater: and Florence's artistic enjoyment of her remark that if she were to pass away her relatives would "proba'ly just leave me lay."

IV

Gentle Julia is a summer comedy peopled with vanity and folly and frivolity and the odd visions of youth in an American plutocracy—all these elements being seen from the side of their charm, their gayety.

The Magnificent Ambersons and *Alice Adams*, if not winter tragedies, are in a more tragic tone: and they are peopled with vanity and folly and frivolity and the visions of youth in an American plutocracy—all these elements being seen from the side of their stupidities, oppression and heart-break.

The story of the attractive though snobbish Georgie Minafer, the spoiled creature of a mother's idolatry, he who cannot learn from others, who must bear down everything before him, who must be in all things justified, is admirably and originally conceived. It is an excellent story of a Magnificent Amberson.

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But not, in my view at least, an excellent story of the Magnificent Ambersons, capitally as the changing back-ground is handled, and the gradual impoverishment of the family. With the exception of Major Amberson and Aunt Fanny the mature figures of the book fail somewhat of the inner energies of their several maturities. The great romance of the book is George's love for his mother and hers for him; and this too is admirably and originally conceived. Yet after choosing this bold and searching theme, the author treats it in a manner somewhat too fancifully idealized, and not quite recognizably true to life. One can hardly believe that Isabel's maternal passion, which is uncontrolled enough to sacrifice her lover and commit every fatuous injustice to him, would yet be purged of every tinge of maternal jealousy or any unreasonable demands of its own. Still less can one believe that a son who determinedly disavows his first love in the interests of his jealousy of his mother would yet be capable of a long, deep attachment to this same love.

Besides, this exclusive and preoccupying maternal and filial union might have been depended on by the author as a sufficient cause of misery and misunderstanding in other relations for both mother and son without the extraneous plotting of neighbors and relatives and the *dei ex machina* employed to precipitate the tragedy. We see far too often the spectacle of an author carried away by a theme boldly selected. Here, for once, we wish the author had consigned himself freely to its natural momentum.

This is the weaker current of the book's movement. The stronger current is the narration of the civilizing of George, the natural and highly interesting manner in which the arbitrary and irrational qualities of his nature are modified by his growing knowledge of truth. This is all in that enchanted region of golden gentleness and clearness inhabited by William Dean Howells, by Turgenieff and Hawthorne. It must be a very dull or a very foolish reader who misses the large grace of George's social metamorphosis.

Of the same beauty and mercy of imagination is the metamorphosis achieved in *Alice Adams*. In the mid-western scene which Mr. Tarkington presents to us so admirably, Alice Adams herself, what she is, what spiritual materials she has for making

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her life, become known to us with a pathos, a reality and subtlety that belong to the last excellence of craftsmanship. Here the mature are indeed mature. The whole picture of their ambitions is as remarkable as the picture of the dreams of youth. The cruelty, the competition, the pettiness, the hypocrisy of a plutocratic society is related with the sympathy of a profound wisdom.

The struggles of that crushing, competitive, painful dinner attended by the disillusioned guest and the brave, misguided heroine—the sight, the emotions, the sounds that accompany the passage of that fatal midland evening in the simmering, blighting heat, in which the day-dreams of Alice wilt and die like the flowers fainting upon the over-loaded table—the presentation of all this dinner, this evening, is at once one of the most torturing and one of the "best" pieces of expression conceivable.

The Magnificent Ambersons and *Alice Adams* follow the ways of French rather than English realism. "His manner is the manner of talk, and if the talk is sincere, that makes a writer touch us." Henry James says of the gifted author of *Numa Roumestan:* "Daudet expresses many things; but he most frequently expresses himself—his own temper in the presence of life, his own feeling on a thousand occasions." This might as aptly have been said of *Alice Adams.* Too many contemporary novels, especially on the great themes of love and marriage, have an effect of mere agreement with some "recent view" of these subjects, almost the effect of joining a movement, or rising to second someone else's motion. Mr. Tarkington writes in the method of an individual response to existence.

In the midst of her mother's nagging onsets at her father, and her father's dumb, domestic misery, Alice comes on a packet of her parents' love-letters and is permitted to read one of these mementoes of their early feeling:

> She had remained upon her knees while she read the letter; now she sank backward, sitting upon the floor with her hands behind her, an unconscious relaxing for better ease to think. Upon her face there had fallen a look of wonder.
>
> For the first time she was vaguely perceiving that life is everlasting movement. Youth really believes what is running water to be a permanent crystallization and sees time fixed to a point: some people have dark hair, some people have blonde hair, some people have gray hair. Until this moment, Alice had no conviction that there was a universe before she came into it. She had al-

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ways thought of it as the background of herself: the moon was something to make her prettier on a summer night.

But this old letter, through which she saw still flickering an ancient starlight of young love, astounded her. Faintly before her it revealed the whole lives of her father and mother, who had been young after all—they *really* had—and their youth was now so utterly passed from them that the picture of it, in the letter, was like a burlesque of them. And so she, herself, must pass to such changes too, and all that now seemed vital to her would be nothing.

This is quoted for the grace of its individual reflective style. But the dramatic value of this episode of the letter-reading is of high interest also in the development of novel, the maturing of Alice's thought.

Of all the pictures of the Seven Ages, drawn in Mr. Tarkington's stories, none is more true to life than the delineation of Virgil Adams at fifty. He is seen at a critical point in his life and one feels the pathos of his fate more sharply than as though he were older. His moral drama appears unique. His is a case of conscience unresolved. Was it right or wrong—or rather, how wrong was it—for him to attempt to manufacture his own formula for glue; a formula secured indeed at the suggestion and on behalf of the great J. A. Lamb, and as a result of labors completely engaged and paid for by this agreeable manufacturer, yet a formula apparently discarded by him?

As to the worldly folly, the indiscretion of Virgil Adams, his fatal stupidity and weakness in not clearly revealing all his plans to his generous old friend and employer, the reader is left in no doubt. From the beginning his conduct is seen to be erroneous and ruinous on these points.

Yet one of the most curious effects of the book is the reader's instinctive assumption of the viewpoint of "old Charlie Lohr". One thinks very little about whether or not old Adams really is cheating his employer, very little about whether he is yielding to the devil. Old Adams remains a very good man throughout the work, whether he does or does not steal a glue formula. This singular situation could hardly be bettered as a picture of reality, and of the unselfish, mild and apparently excellent persons whom others occasionally point out to one as "crooks", and still others as valiantly defend.

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Alice Adams is the most deep-thoughted of Mr. Tarkington's books. It has a more penetrating vision than is required by any of the other tales, into life's—

poverties, wincings and sulky retreats.

Conquest. The subsequent labor somebody else is to do for you. The happiness someone other than yourself is to achieve for you. The over-tones of every work of art vary to accord with the inner ear of the listener. For me the over-tones of *Alice Adams* have the subtle music of an irony upon all the illusions of conquest.

The excitement of this book lies not in what the fascinating heroine gets nor whom she enslaves, but in what she is. It begins with the moment when she stares into her mirror, and thinks, as she peers beyond her lovely posturings, "Who are you?" At the close of her absorbing career of illusory fancy and wistful chicane, her brave, new attempt to depend on her own resources and powers for the creation of her future forms the original and hopeful end of a story whose tragedy and originalities and hopes are all made of the sheerest stuff of truth inevitable.

"As I would not be a slave, so I would not be a master. This expresses my idea of democracy. Whatever differs from this, to the extent of the difference is no democracy." So Abraham Lincoln wrote for an autograph many years ago: and the words may serve as a memento and autograph of a certain national philosophy. I think we are much to be congratulated in the possession of a master of fiction whose work is conceived in the wisdom of that gentleness which sometimes appears the most valuable wisdom known to our nation.

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CHARLES DICKENS, THE SIDE-TRACKED ACTOR

BY ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

CHARLES DICKENS was the most successful and immeasurably the most far-reaching writer born of modern England. From his own country in his own day and from readers in scattered lands the world around came an instant and heart-warming response to his genius which has been matched in the experience of no other writer. That response was not only immediate but personal and affectionate to a degree that only Kipling has since approached and then only under special circumstances and for but a little while. It was an interested affection that swirled and billowed around Dickens all his days on earth and filled those days with a sort of festive hubbub that was most dear to him.

And yet he was never quite happy in his work. He was the most fecund and rewarded of novelists, but it did not content him to be a novelist. There was that in him which could not be satisfied by a writer's career at all. It is impossible to explore far in the half-shrouded byways of Dickens without surprising again and again this secret of his heart—that he wanted to be an actor. Of course he himself used to speak lightly and a little sheepishly of his youthful aspirations for the stage, as of something boyish and amusing enough when viewed in kindly retrospect. Yet those aspirations, or rather the sources of them, never really left him, and that they were fermenting away inside him always is readable between the lines even of that eminently discreet but only half-comprehending Man Friday of his—John Forster.

It would have been idle to expostulate with him that he could and did reach a far wider audience than any actor might aspire to. It would have been idle to point out how all over England and America and Australia readers of his, great folk and mean folk, queens and miners and scrubwomen and doctors of philosophy, were laughing and weeping at the promptings of his written word.

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He knew that well enough. He *knew* it. But he did not *feel* it. He did not hear them laugh, did not see them cry. All the genius poured into *Copperfield* or the tale of Tiny Tim could not bring him the warm, human satisfaction of visible and audible appreciation which was his friend Macready's nightly portion, that really precious reward which only in their more toplofty moments do the actors affect to disprize, as when the late Lawrence Barrett, sighing with the extra profundity of a bogus melancholy, would murmur: "What are we poor players but sculptors whose lot it is night after night to carve statues in snow!"

Had Dickens lived in the twentieth century, the Freudians, taking one shrewd, amused, infuriatingly perspicacious look at him, would have analyzed him on the spot. They would have noted his clumsy efforts at playwriting, his adoration of Macready, his wistful loiterings at the stage-door, of which the faint, unmistakable aroma was ever the breath of his nostrils, and his disarming readiness to laugh and cry at the most ordinary of performances in any theatre. They would have noted his pantomimic gyrations when in the throes of composition. They would have known that the young novelist who walked the night-mantled streets of Paris in an agony of sympathy for the dying Paul Dombey was a side-tracked actor. They would have noted his own incongruous capacity for self-pity, his grotesque sensitiveness to the most piddling of criticism, his comically transparent excuses for appearing in amateur dramatics, his gallant and undeniably Thespian appearance and his flamboyant raiment, rings and all, which distressed his sedate friends but satisfied something within him. They would have noted all these things and published in some obscure journal an article written to demonstrate that Mr. Dickens was suffering from an exhibition complex. This would have maddened him. He would have dictated sixteen furious letters demanding retraction, growing the redder in the face as he paced the floor because he would have known that it was all quite true. That half-smothered desire gnawed at him through all the years of his growth until at last it found an outlet which brought him peace.

Charles Dickens's dealings with the established professional theatre were irregular, apprehensive and finally vanquishing, ex-

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cept, of course, that he went a-playgoing in whatever town he visited, whether or not he knew the language and whether or not the bills held forth the slightest promise of something worth a whole evening of a lucid adult's leisure. Even in the days when he was working at that blacking-factory, and earning six shillings a week, you would have seen him in his white hat, little jacket and corduroy trousers, marching up to the ticket booth of some show-van that lay temptingly across his homeward path and boldly planking down some considerable fraction of his income for an hour of contraband entertainment.

Earlier even than that began the itch to write for the stage, for the first works of his pen were tragedies written for performance at home in a nursery packed to the doors with children dragged in from the neighborhood to listen to him. *Misnar, or the Sultan of India*, now unhappily lost to posterity, was one of these. It was an itch that troubled him off and on for many years, finding expression in several comedies and burlettas, some of which were produced with moderate success in the days before his name had a little magic for the summoning of an audience. Specifically, these were a two-act burletta called *The Strange Gentleman;* a comic opera libretto called *The Village Coquettes;* a one-act burletta entitled *Is She His Wife? or, Something Singular!* a short farce, *The Lamplighter;* another (written with Mark Lemon) called *Mr. Nightingale's Diary;* and a four-act dramatization of *No Thoroughfare* which he and Wilkie Collins managed between them. Today none of them has any existence in the theatre and none of them has any interest for the Dickensian, except as a curiosity.

That he never succeeded in writing a play which could serve his beloved Macready was a genuine and unassuaged disappointment to him. His reverence for that towering figure of the English stage was a thing which time and his own surpassing success never tarnished. To Macready he dedicated *Nicholas Nickleby.* And for Macready's eyes he poured out letters a little warmer in their affection than many others which his hospitable heart dictated. I suspect that this chafed Forster just a little and that he was more than a little exasperated by his knowledge that his hero's thoughts followed Macready around the world because Macready represented an achievement which Dickens envied.

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That Dickens was a natural-born leading man, no one could doubt who has studied the portraits of him, especially the winning Maclise study which caught him in the beauty and but half-conquered diffidence of his youth, the portrait which Thackeray found so amazing a likeness, "the real identical man Dickens, the inward as well as the outward of him". There, visible enough, was genteel comedy in the walk and manner, juvenile tragedy in the eye and touch-and-go force in the laugh.

And that Dickens had made one direct bid for a place in the ranks at Covent Garden is a matter of record. Years afterwards, he harked back for Forster's benefit to that attempt:

> I wrote to Bartley, who was stage-manager, and told him how young I was, and exactly what I thought I could do; and that I believed I had a strong perception of character and oddity, and a natural power of reproducing in my own person what I observed in others. This was at the time when I was at Doctors' Commons as a shorthand writer for the proctors. And I recollect I wrote the letter from a little office I had there, where the answer came also. There must have been something in my letter that struck the authorities, for Bartley wrote me almost immediately to say they were busy getting up *The Hunchback* (so they were) but that they would communicate with me again, in a fortnight. Punctual to the time another letter came, with an appointment to do anything of Mathews's I pleased before him and Charles Kemble, on a certain day at the theatre. My sister Fanny was in the secret, and was to go with me to play the songs. I was laid up when the day came, with a terrible bad cold and an inflammation of the face; the beginning, by the bye, of that annoyance in one ear to which I am subject to this day. I wrote to say so and added that I would resume my application next season. I made a great splash in the gallery soon afterwards; the *Chronicle* opened to me; I had a distinction in the little world of the newspaper, which made one like it; began to write; didn't want money; had never thought of the stage but as a means of getting it; gradually left off turning my thoughts that way, and never resumed the idea. I never told you this, did I? See how near I may have been to another sort of life.

Years later, when he was reading an ignominiously rejected farce to Bartley, he thought he detected some struggling recognition and connection stirring up within the sub-consciousness of that manager. "But," he added cheerfully, "it may have been only his doubts of that humorous composition."

When, in the letter just quoted, Dickens said that he had never thought of the stage except as a means of getting money, he was

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saying what, by every evidence furnished in the acts and works of his life, we know was flagrantly untrue. And furthermore, who cannot see that he was saying it *because* it was not true? And knowing all he did know of Dickens's theatrical impulses, the bland Forster still had the hardihood to say that Dickens, in his rebellion against the labor and the penury which were the lot of a law court reporter, had attempted to escape that drudgery "even" in the direction of the stage.

"It wasn't a very good living," Dickens himself observed of the repertorial work, "(though not a *very* bad one) and was wearily uncertain; which made me think of the Theatre in quite a business-like way. I went to some theatre every night, with very few exceptions, for at least three years; really studying the bills first, and going to where there was the best acting; and always to see Mathews whenever he played. I practised immensely (even such things as walking in and out, and sitting down in a chair): often four, five, six hours a day; shut up in my own room or walking about in the fields. I prescribed to myself, too, a sort of Hamiltonian system for learning parts; and learnt a great number. I haven't even lost the habit now, for I knew my Canadian parts immediately, though they were new to me. I must have done a good deal: for, just as Macready found me out, they used to challenge me at Braham's; and Yates, who was knowing enough in those things, wasn't to be parried at all."

All of which is quoted at length, less for the specific information it adds than to ask if it does not suggest something untold, some color for the legend that, at an unchronicled time and place, Dickens did vanish into the personnel of a stock company and try his luck as an actor. Of course that legend took on the accent of certainty in the minds of those players at Portsmouth who, after *Nicholas Nickleby*, suspected that the world was laughing at them and who would have it that this Dickens came down there as a would-be actor and made a sorry mess of it.

But it was rather as an amateur that these instincts of his found their earlier outlet. He never missed a chance at such indulgence, organizing special companies, pretending to be a little bored by them, and ending always by directing them himself and attending feverishly to the smallest detail of back-stage management. It was a part of him to plunge with passionate earnestness into these exhausting enterprises, glowering at the more trivial associates who could not, by mere persuasion, be led into taking seriously the exactions of rehearsal and the true agony of performance.

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Note the fine and familiar mixture of relish and exasperation in this mid-rehearsal scrawl to the amused Macready. "I never in my life saw a place in such a state or had to do with such an utterly careless and unbusiness-like set of dogs as my fellow actors." He excepted two, but not Forster, who was engrossed in the rôle of Kitely. "So far as he is concerned," Dickens added sourly, "there is nothing in the world but Kitely—there is no world at all; only a something in its place that begins with a K and ends with a Y—"a minor note which does not, by the way, find place in the Forster biography, nor did Mamie Dickens and Georgina Hogarth think it nice to print it in their collection of their father's letters. It was Dickens who would draw up the rules against talking in the wings, Dickens who blasted the negligent in memorizing, Dickens who wrote out with his own hand the calls and music cues and property lists.

To embark from time to time on such undertakings, he had, of course, to down the questionings in his own mind, the fretting of his anxious publishers and the disconcerting suspicions of his friends, who knew well enough what old impulses he was obeying. Above all, he had to trump up some excuse for publication. For it is not given to the Anglo-Saxon to be able to say frankly: "It is my desire to get up on a lighted platform and make an exhibition of myself, but I cannot do it in a vacuum. I need some one to watch me. Please come and watch me." I remember how, in my Sophomore days at Hamilton College, we organized a dramatic club, engaged a theatre and then were assailed with misgivings which overhung us like a depressing cloud until we hit upon the happy notion of giving our performance for the benefit of some local work, it mattered not what. There we were, quite unconsciously inventing out of our own needs an old thing—a familiar thing to Dickens, certainly, who, for his adventures on the boards, always managed to contrive some plausible cause outside the desires of his own heart. Even when he worked up a monster benefit for poor Leigh Hunt and was bereft of his cause by an unexpected eleventh-hour pension for that gratified beneficiary, he was only momentarily baffled.

How good an actor he was, it is difficult to tell from the written criticisms. "Assumption," he wrote, "has charms for me so

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delightful—I hardly know for how many wild reasons—that I feel a loss of Oh! I can't say what exquisite foolery, when I lose a chance of being someone not in the remotest degree like myself." (It is, perhaps, worth noting that he invariably used the word "assumption" to cover all activity of disguise or impersonation. This parenthesis is a cross-reference to the phrase, "the Datchery assumption" in his own comment on *Edwin Drood* and is tucked in here for the benefit of the Edwin Druids.) Leigh Hunt wrote that Dickens's Bobadil (in Jonson's *Every Man in His Humor*) "had a spirit in it of intelligent apprehension beyond anything the existing stage has known." But Hunt's partiality might well have been challenged. And Victoria, who worked up a considerable trepidation over his performance of Wardour in Wilkie Collins's *The Frozen Deep*, declared that no professional actor then living could have matched him. But somehow one distrusts Her Majesty's æsthetic judgments. However, it is not a bad guess that Dickens was an excellent actor, eloquent, picturesque, moving. And it is my own that, had not chance otherwise canalized his great genius, he would have been the overtowering actor of nineteenth century England. Which would have been a pity.

But the final and only satisfying outlet for all these impulses was found by another means. That means was foreshadowed in his early craving to read his manuscripts aloud. He took a genuine enough interest, in all conscience, in the sales of his stories as their serial parts appeared, and the rise and fall of those sales was a sure barometer to his spirits. But he wrote not with any such vague and impersonal audience in mind. He wrote for the friend he was going to corner and read his piece to. It was, let us say, Macready's laughter or Macready's tears he hoped to invoke. Indeed, all of this aspect of Charles Dickens lies back of a single sentence he once wrote as a postscript to a letter dispatched from London to his wife at the time when the *Christmas Carol* was still in manuscript. "If," he said, "you had seen Macready last night, undisguisedly sobbing and crying on the sofa as I read, you would have felt, as I did, what a thing it is to have power."

An incident that attended the issue of *The Chimes* is most revealing. In the midst of a long, self-imposed exile on the Continent, he had written that less persistent of his Christmas stories

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and, shipping the manuscript on to London, was trusting to Forster's fidelity to revise the proofs.

It was on the eve of publication—early in the Winter of 1844-1845—that he suddenly announced a clandestine trip to London, a flying trip, that was to be imparted only to his cronies and which was to last only a week. Of course Forster wrote back that it would tire him out, that it would cost too much, that it could not possibly be kept secret, etc., etc. And of course, Dickens paid no attention.

"I am still in the same mind about coming to London," he replied. "Not because the proofs concern me at all (I should be an ass as well as a thankless vagabond if they did) but because of that unspeakable restless something which would render it almost as impossible for me to remain here and not see the thing complete, as it would be for a full balloon, left to itself, not to go up." And later in the same letter out plumped the whole truth:

> Shall I confess to you I particularly want Carlyle above all to see it before the rest of the world, when it is done; and I should like to inflict the little story on him and on dear old gallant Macready with my own lips, and to have Stanny and the other Mac sitting by? Now, if you was a real gent, you'd get up a little circle for me, one wet evening, when I come to town: and would say: "My boy (Sir, you will have the goodness to leave those books alone and to go downstairs—What the Devil are you doing! And mind, sir, I can see nobody—Do you hear? Nobody. I am particularly engaged with a young gentleman from Asia)—My boy, would you give us that little Christmas book (a little Christmas book of Dickens's, Macready, which I'm anxious you should hear); and don't slur it, now, or be too fast, Dickens, please!"—I say, if you was a real gent, something to this effect might happen. I shall be under sailing orders the moment I have finished. And I shall produce myself (please God) in London on the very day you name. For one week: to the hour.

And so it came to pass.

From that reading of *The Chimes* came many things. The transition from private readings to public readings given for charity and thence to public readings given for the lining of his own bottomless purse, was gradual but inevitable. Forster saw it coming and in a sort of panic amassed all the arguments against so undignified a procedure and so wearing an undertaking. He was careful that Dickens should hear of the distinguished ladies who labored "under the impression that *it was to lead to the stage* (!!)."

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The scandalized italics and the exclamation points (both of them) are Forster's. Forster has recorded his own opposition in these words: "It was a substitution of lower for higher aims; a change to commonplace from more elevated pursuits; and it had so much of the character of a public exhibition for money as to raise, in the question of respect for his calling as a writer, a question also of respect for himself as a gentleman."

"But do you quite consider that the public exhibition of oneself takes place equally, whosoever may get the money?" Dickens replied: "And have you any idea that at this moment—this very time—half the public at least supposes me to be paid? My dear F., out of the twenty or five-and-twenty letters a week that I get about Readings, twenty will ask at what price, or on what terms, it can be done. The only exceptions, in truth, are when the correspondent is a clergyman, or a banker, or the Member for the place in question."

So it went back and forth, all the friends deploring this new misconduct of his, Dickens himself inwardly determined to go through with it. He reared a hundred specious excuses. He laid his intentions to make an exhibition of himself to the wildest miscellany of causes, from the melancholy of his home (whence his discarded wife had just moved out for good and all) to the numerical strength of his children, which could hardly be denied. He would sign a contract for each new course of readings, protesting all the while that the work was torment to him, that he longed to stay by his own fireside, that nothing but need of money could induce him to go; and so forth and so forth, with never a single mention of the real reason which skulked always in the background, and is visible there even to this day. But the letters he wrote home from his journeys shone with a new content. There was his public all about him, within sight of his own eyes, within touch of his own hands. The sense of them crowding the halls to suffocation and hanging breathless on his performances, warmed his heart as nothing had ever warmed it.

When the boots at Morrison's heard that his Irish hall was packed, he cried: "The Lard be praised for the honor o' Dooblin." When a woman approached him in York, it would be to say: "Mr. Dickens, will you let me touch the hand that has filled my house

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with friends?" How he loved it! He might write in advance that only the hope of gain that would make him "more independent of the worst" could make him face the travel and exertion and absence—that a journey overseas would be "penance and misery". But from overseas, he could not help writing, proudly, defensively, revealingly: "I have now read in New York City to 40,000 people, and am quite as well known in the streets there as I am in London. People will turn back, turn again and face me, and have a look at me, or will say to one another: 'Look here! Dickens coming!' But no one ever stops me or addresses me. Sitting reading in the carriage outside the New York post-office while one of the staff was stamping the letters inside, I became conscious that a few people who had been looking at the turn-out had discovered me within. On my peeping out good-humoredly, one of them (I should say a merchant's book-keeper) stepped up to the door, took off his hat, and said in a frank way: 'Mr. Dickens, I should very much like to have the honor of shaking hands with you,' and, that done, presented two others. Nothing could be more quiet or less intrusive. In the railway cars, if I see anybody who clearly wants to speak to me, I usually anticipate the wish by speaking myself. If I am standing on the brake outside, (to avoid the intolerable stove) people getting down will say with a smile: 'As I am taking my departure, Mr. Dickens, and can't trouble you for more than a moment, I should like to take you by the hand, sir.' And so we shake hands and go our ways." The interminable lines at his box-offices, the queue that slept all night on the street in Brooklyn, for instance, gave him a joy that had nothing whatever to do with the dollars they were waiting to deposit to his account.

The career that really began with the reading of *The Chimes* to that little circle in Lincoln's Inn Fields, brought him in huge sums of money and reëstablished his friendship with America. Doubtless, it measurably shortened his days on earth, but it satisfied at last the thing within him which had remained unsatisfied ever since that broken appointment between the debonair young reporter and the manager of Covent Garden long before.

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT.

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IMMORTALITY AND THE NEW PHYSICS

BY CHARLES KASSEL

THE leading obstacle until now in the way of any scientific thought of a future life has been the difficulty of conceiving a state of being such as it is necessary to assume—a state of being which demands a yielding of all our notions of matter. The mind aches in the effort to picture a plane of existence, unseen and unfelt, interpenetrating the material fabric about us, yet supplying a theatre for conscious life and activity. Even those convinced of the truth of psychic phenomena, and fully persuaded that the dead live again in a realm of their own, cannot build up in their thought a satisfying idea of that world in which the dead move and have their being. Life, love and memory as mere idealizations apart from form the mind rejects; yet form to us means matter, and matter, in our eyes, is something which must give to our senses evidence of its presence.

No merely philosophic answer to the eternal question fulfills the need. In this domain of thought, as in no other, we distrust the processes of abstract reason. Scorning all assumptions, we demand proof that a supersensual world of organized life is possible. This proof, so long denied, the science of to-day, with its startling revelations, is, as it might seem, about to vouchsafe, and it is with these new disclosures, and their relation to the world-old problem which so much perplexes us, that it is my purpose in this paper to deal.

As we looked abroad upon the universe a few years ago, we beheld a material fabric which seemed the most stable of things. Matter, we were taught in the books, was indestructible and ever-enduring, whatever its change of form—a something which in its constituent atoms had always been and could never cease to be; and conservation of mass was linked with the doctrine of inertia as the twin truths by which all reasoning as to the nature and destiny of the universe was conditioned.

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It was idle to speak of an inner world, the arena of tremendous spiritual activities. The idea was brushed aside as wholly indefensible. Certain phenomena, it is true, even upon the natural plane, seemed to partake of the qualities ascribed by the mystics to this inner and higher sphere. There was electricity, defying time and space, and flashing around the world with the swiftness of thought, finding matter no obstacle in its path. There was gravitation, with no material embodiment that could be traced. There was light, traveling in a few seconds half the stretch of the ecliptic, yet borne to all seeming upon vacancy. These difficulties could not be gainsaid; but here was the rock-ribbed planet, our material seat, with the laws of inertia and conservation plainly stamped upon it, and it was but breath against the wind to talk of supersensual worlds interpenetrating this density and peopled by invisible beings who passed through this mass as though it were not.

"Show me," said the savant, "a single atom destroyed or built up—point to me a shred of proof worthy the consideration of a scientist that any element has ever been something other than it is to-day—do this and I shall give a respectful hearing to your claim of an upper world of being." The challenge could not be met.

In this hour, however, the challenge has been met. The discovery of radioactive matter—a fourth state of matter, neither gas, liquid nor solid—has humbled science before the mystics and has set our thinkers delving curiously and with a strange interest into the tomes of the alchemists. They were right, those old dreamers, and we with all our learning were wrong. Not even our soberest scientist now disdains to employ the language of Paracelsus and to speak of matter in all its varying modes as but the outflowering of a single universal element, the primal stuff of all substance, becoming visible and tangible out of the viewless seas of ether in some fashion we do not know.

With the opening up of these new vistas of the constitution of things, the bases for our whole thought of matter have shifted, and what seemed so appallingly fixed and resistant has grown fluent, yielding its opacity here to the ray of Röntgen, there its solidity to the Hertzian wave of Marconi, and yonder dissolving,

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or changing magically to new forms, in the radioactive transformations of Curie and Becquerel, Rutherford and Soddy, Ramsey and Crookes. "It would be idle to deny," observes Professor Frederick Soddy, speaking of the phenomena of radioactivity in his fascinating work *The Interpretation of Radium*, "that physical science was taken completely by surprise. Had anyone twelve years ago ventured to predict radium, he would have been told simply that such a thing was not only wildly improbable but actually opposed to all the established principles of the science of matter and energy."

Says M. L. Poincaré, in *The New Physics*, referring to the latest theories: "We shall have to abandon the idea, so instinctively dear to us, that matter is the most stable thing in the universe, and to admit, on the contrary, that all bodies whatever are a kind of explosive decomposing with extreme slowness." And, similarly, Dr. R. K. Duncan, in his interesting work, *The New Knowledge*, observes: "Matter has disappeared as a fundamental existence, or at any rate it is explained as a manifestation of electricity. Mass, a supposedly indestructible thing, has disappeared with matter, and comes into existence purely as negative electricity, assuming motion, carries with it a bound portion of the ether in which it is bathed; and furthermore this mass, which we thought so invariable, depends solely upon the velocity with which the unit moves."

So, then, matter has become a transitory thing—the "Time-Vesture of the Eternal", in the sublime phrase of Carlyle. It is to the ether, that unseen, all-permeating thing, that we are driven henceforth to feed our love for the fixed and the lasting. We are told that through some stress upon the ether, in all likelihood, matter was born, perhaps as a mere mode of motion, rising out of its mother element as an ice crystal emerges from the sea, yet of it and destined in the fulness of time to return to it. It is this ether, which we have never beheld, which no instrument has ever explored, and which gives to our touch never a sign of its presence, that becomes the fundamental reality. "The whole mass of any body," says Professor J. J. Thomson, "is just the mass of the ether surrounding the body, which is carried along by the Faraday tubes associated with the atoms of the body. In fact, all

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mass is mass of the ether; all momentum momentum of the ether; and all kinetic energy kinetic energy of the ether." To this statement, so startling in its implications, Sir Oliver Lodge, in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for May, 1908, lends his approval as the conclusion "which, in one form or another, we all see looming before us, though it has not yet been completely attained and would not be by all similarly expressed".

What, therefore, is the ether? Is it dense or rare? Does it possess motion or is it at rest? Shall we speak of it as simple or does it possess a structure? Will it yield to pressure like ordinary matter or is it incompressible?

Strange, indeed, are the properties that science ascribes to this mysterious element; quite as strange as the properties the old mystics assigned to the spiritual plane of being of which they told. "Although at first sight," says Professor Thomson, in his address before the British Association for the Advancement of Science,[1] "the idea that we are immersed in a medium almost infinitely denser than lead might seem inconceivable, it is not so if we remember that in all probability matter is composed mainly of holes. We may in fact regard matter as possessing a bird-cage kind of structure, in which the volume of the ether disturbed by the wires when the structure is moved is infinitesimal in comparison with the volume enclosed by them. If we do this there is no difficulty from the great density of the ether; all that we have to do is to increase the distance between the wires in proportion as we increase the density of the ether."

So, in a powerful discourse upon *The Functions of the Ether*, delivered at the Royal Institute of Great Britain on February 21, 1908, and published in the issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW already mentioned, Sir Oliver Lodge, repeating the statement of Professor Thomson already quoted, observes: "This view, it should be said, requires the density of the ether to be immensely greater than any known substance—yes, far denser—so dense that matter by comparison is like gossamer or a filmy imperceptible mist, or a Milky Way;" and he adds: "The ether belongs to the material or physical universe; but it is not ordinary matter at all. I should prefer to say it is not matter at all. It

[1]Reprinted in *Science* for August 27, 1909.

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may be the substance or substratum or material of which matter is composed." Similar is the idea of M. Poincaré, as given in the work from which I have already quoted: "We cannot," he tells us, "without being very illogical, define the ether by material properties."

Where, then, are we, in this amazing speculation, vouched for though it be by our greatest thinkers? Let us pause to consult our compass and take our bearings, for it is a measureless sea we have embarked upon, and we must take heed that we do not drift too far and lose our sense of the relations of things.

If we reject the idea that spiritual forms are of a substance transcending the ether in its properties, and suppose Intelligence, with an organism answering in its characteristics merely to the properties of the ether, we have a being conforming very nearly, if not quite, to the notion the mystics had of the indwellers of the supersensual world. With bodies more dense than steel, though unamenable to earthly sight or touch, these creatures would see the fleshly forms as a shadowy garment, and matter at large but as a film thinner than air which offered no bar to their passage, and, exempt from the laws of gravitation, which hold prison-bound the frame of clay, they might levitate at will, and with the swiftness of light transport themselves from planet to planet. From the sun's flame they could take no harm and even the chill of absolute zero would leave their bodies unscathed.

Such a conception, indeed, might have been harbored even before the revelations of the past few years. No less an authority of the earlier day than J. Clerk Maxwell recognized the fascinating interest of such a theory. In concluding the article upon *The Ether of Space* contributed by him, while Professor of Physics at Cambridge University, to *The Encyclopedia Britannica*, this distinguished scientist said: "Whether this homogeneous expanse of isotropic matter is fitted not only to be a medium of physical interaction, and to fulfill other physical functions of which perhaps we have no knowledge, but also, as the authors of *The Unseen Universe* seem to suggest, to constitute the material organisms of beings exercising functions of life and mind as high or higher than ours at present, is a question far transcending the limits of physical speculation."

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But how explain upon such a theory, it may be urged, the use of this body by an indwelling Intelligence—how link reflection and love and memory with so strange an organism? In the abstract, the difficulty does seem insurmountable; the mind cannot grasp the laws by which a governing Will within could utilize the organs of such an instrument. But, in the abstract, the difficulty is no whit less on the lower material plane; it is only our familiarity with the actual phenomena that makes it seem otherwise. Who knows how it is that the mind, as we are familiar with it, moves at its will the fingers of the hand? This—our familiarity with the phenomena aside—is a veritable miracle. We are as ignorant of its final cause as we are of the primary cause of electricity, or as we are ignorant of gravitation in its first cause, or of heat, or light, or even of the thing that makes a seed grow. These things *are*, despite our inability to understand them, and it is no strain upon the reason to suppose that the like may be true with bodies of ether, or of some higher, more transcendent substance which surpasses the ether in its properties and uses it as we use the electric and magnetic forces that lie in nature.

All this, however, might well have been taught in the middle age of modern science, before the wizardry of Röntgen and the Curies and their successors had made science gasp. It is with the marvels of the last few years that the picture we have sought to sketch of the supersensual world becomes complete and convincing.

It is a singular truth, and one highly significant, that the more nearly science in its triumphs over nature has approached that unseen world, the more powerful have been the forces that revealed themselves. It is of no small importance that the most tremendous of these energies should seem to come from a region of the universe hidden from the senses, and identical, to all seeming, with the ideal world of being taught by the mystical philosophers of all ages.

In the dim beginning, man's sole resource was his muscular energy and that of his subject beasts, aided by gravitation and the simpler laws of mechanics. But our muscular power roots purely in the material, and upon the same plane operate the laws of mechanics. The like is true even of steam, since vapor was

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always familiar to man, although its immense power under pressure was not suspected. It was with the discovery and utilization of electricity that science seemed to pierce beyond the material into a new universe. Here was a force apparently inexhaustible, coming seemingly from nowhere, and the nature of which defied all conjecture and analysis. The savants found themselves baffled in every attempt to explain the phenomena of electricity in terms of matter.

But though it could not dissect this energy, so new and strange, and could only learn its laws and yield to them, science, it seems safe to say, believed this mysterious force to be the last that remained for discovery. Sir William Crookes, perhaps, alone excepted, no scientist appears to have felt the tremendous truth just dawning upon the world—the truth that we had but touched the fringe of the inner world of energy, out of which electricity and perhaps many other of our known forces play as from perennial fountains, and that still farther within were resources of power beside which steam and electricity were mere toys.

It is difficult to form an adequate idea of the power of these new forces coming seemingly from beyond the material. All our former notions of energy seem humdrum and commonplace by comparison. "There is enough radiant energy in one ounce of radium," said Dr. Duncan, in an article in *Harper's Magazine*, "to lift ten thousand tons one mile high;" and he added by way of explanation: "During the life of radium it evolves nearly three million times as much heat proportionately as arises from any chemical action known to man. This is a tremendous fact, determined by strict experiment and quite apart from any theory." So, Gustave Le Bon, the eminent French philosopher and scientist, asserted in an article in *The Independent* that "the fifth part of an American five cent piece, if we could entirely disassociate it in one second, would give an energy equal to six milliards, eight hundred million horse-power, the energy of a moving body being equal to half the product of its mass by the square of its velocity."

These statements, wildly extravagant though they seem, are not the mere fancies of a few enthusiasts drunken with the wine of the new lore. They are the calm assertions of sober scientists.

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Professor J. J. Thomson, writing in *Science*, remarked: "The amount of energy which is stored up in ordinary matter in the form of electrostatic potential energy of its corpuscles is the thing not generally realized. Even ordinary matter contains enormous stores of energy; this energy is fortunately kept fast bound by the corpuscles; if at any time an appreciable fraction were to get free the earth would explode and become a gaseous nebula." So, Sir Oliver Lodge, speaking of the ether as the source of this energy: "On our present view the energy of the constitution of the ether is incredibly and portentously great; every cubic millimeter of space possessing what, if it were matter, would be a mass of a thousand tons and an energy equivalent to the output of a million horse power station for forty million years."

To understand the new physics rightly requires almost a new set of brain cells. We must learn to think in infinitesimals linked with velocities approaching that of light. We are dealing with what is to us well-nigh the infinitely great, associated with the infinitely little, and we are forced in carrying forward our train of thought to drive a-team ideas never before yoked together.

We are told that the spectroscope will discover in a thimbleful of air the existence of a single particle of neon, co-existing with four million particles of other gases, and that this inconceivably tiny particle contains no less than ten million millions of atoms. The idea of minuteness involved in such a statement is sufficiently staggering; yet we know now that the atom is not the smallest thing in nature, and that it is the electron within the atom which must stand before our thought as the unit of matter. So unimaginably small, however, is this newer particle, that its diameter, as we are told by Professor Millikan in *The Popular Science Monthly*, is only about 100,000th that of the atom; and according to Sir Oliver Lodge, the electron, as compared with the atom, is "that of the earth and other planets to the solar system", or, as Professor J. J. Thomson has it, that of a dust particle to the entire volume of air in a lecture-hall.

It is in its velocity that the enormous power of the ultra-atomic particle resides. We know what velocity will do on the material plane. A flexible chain, swiftly twirled, will stand on end; a silk cord becomes rigid in rapid motion; a jet of water moving at

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sufficient speed resists a hammer stroke; while a paper disk, we are told, if it could be made to perform the necessary number of revolutions per second, would act like a buzz-saw. It is a commonplace that the vortex of a tornado will uproot a giant oak or break its trunk like a reed, lift a building into the air and crush it like an eggshell, or carry heavy masses for many miles; and now and then stories reach the newspapers of straws hurled like spears into trees, and wooden billets driven like so many spikes into brick or stone walls. These aspects of matter in motion may enable us the more clearly to understand the actual power of the radioactive particle and the theoretical power of the electron in general.

Within the atom, now become a very miracle of complexity, the electrons revolve with incredible swiftness about a common centre, much as in our solar system the sun's satellites sweep about the central orb, with the orbits and spaces no greater in the latter case than in the former, relatively to size. "The motion and change of motion of the electrons," says Professor Soddy, "gives us light, the X-rays, and the long ether-waves used in wireless telegraphy," and the reaction of the ether upon the moving electron, he explains, gives it its "mass".

Now and then, we are told, a particle escapes from the atomic system, as in the case of the radioactive substances, and it becomes possible to measure its momentum. The *alpha* particles, says Professor Soddy, reach in some cases a speed of twelve thousand miles per second, while the fastest of the *beta* particles of radium attain as high a speed as 170,000 miles per second, approaching that of light itself. Le Bon, in an article already referred to in this paper, asserts that a velocity of 60,000 miles per second for certain of the radiations has been measured, and in order that the significance of the figure may be appreciated, the distinguished French scientist explains that to give a speed of 60,000 miles per second to a rifle ball would require an arm holding 1,340,000 barrels of powder each weighing over one hundred pounds! Such are the phenomena which have revolutionized all thinking and driven science to a conception of the atom of matter as a dynamic thing—a reservoir of "supra-terrific forces", in the daring phrase of Dr. Duncan.

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Now momentum, according to the fundamental doctrine of dynamics, is never born, but only borrowed. No body in nature ever moves of itself. It is pushed or drawn. As observed by Professor J. J. Thomson in *Science*, "the amount of momentum in the universe is constant," and wherever, therefore, any substance manifests momentum, that momentum comes from beyond itself. The relation of this truth to the new physics is dealt with by Professor Soddy in the series of lectures to which I have referred. "The last century," he observes, "will remain forever memorable on account of the development and establishment of the great doctrine of energy. The first law, that of the conservation of energy, states that energy is a real entity and has a real existence no less than matter, and no more than matter can energy be created or destroyed, although the forms it may assume are legion. The driving power of the machinery of the modern world is often mysterious, but the laws of energy state that nothing goes by itself, and our experience, in spite of all perpetual motion machines which inventors have claimed to have constructed, bore this doctrine out until we came face to face with radium. Nothing goes by itself in Nature, except, apparently, radium and radioactive substances."

Such being the language of the science of dynamics and the universal pronouncement of our thinkers and investigators, the conclusion drives in irresistibly upon us that the energy of the radium particle, whether within the atom or after its expulsion, falls within the general law, and that its terrific power is a something borrowed from an inner, unexplored, inconceivably complex realm, beside which this lesser arena of activity inhabited by us is the tamest of worlds.

It will not do to say that in the radioactive substances we have an exception to a law which the whole science of energetics hitherto has shown to be universal. The need for making such an exception does not exist, and it is far more logical to say of this new form of energy that *it comes from somewhere.* This conclusion seems only the more reasonable when we learn that the *alpha* particles of radium cease beyond a certain range of space to give token of their presence, possessing at the moment of their disappearance "sixty-four per cent of their initial velocity", as

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stated by Dr. Duncan, and "forty-one per cent of their initial kinetic energy"; for the implication is plain that through ordinary matter as well may be pouring vast tides of energy, only at velocities too low to affect the most delicate of our instruments—less, say, than five thousand miles per second.

That in the radium rays we have an indication of a new and mysterious world of energy, we find what seems an impressive testimony in the law of velocity governing these in common with other recently discovered phenomena. "One definite thing we do know," says Professor Soddy, writing of the ether, "namely, the velocity at which influences are transmitted. It is 185,000 miles per second, the speed of light. So far as we yet know, all influences that are transmitted by the ether travel at this one definite velocity. Not only light, but also the electro-magnetic radiations employed in wireless telegraphy, the magnetic storms, as they are termed, which reach us from the sun, and also as we believe, the X-rays, travel through the ether at this one definite speed." That the speed is in all these cases the same is suggestive of a common source and fountain-head, and one is emboldened in the supposition that behind and within the material system with which we are familiar is a subtle and infinitely marvelous world from which the universe we know is fed and sustained, and which uses the light—swift undulations of the ether—as the carrying agent of its varied influences.

Taking together all that we have here considered, one may claim abundant warrant for the statement that the attitude of science toward the notion of a supersensual universe, or series of universes, interacting with the material fabric we know—a concept fundamental to any logical theory of immortality—has ceased to be the hostile or indifferent one it once was. On the contrary, it might almost seem that the theory of a universe of finer and infinitely more potent substance is almost ready to be announced by our scientific thinkers as an inevitable conclusion from recent discoveries. It is a thing of illimitable portent that the atom, the very starting point of the universal fabric, which we should have expected to find of utmost simplicity, science actually discovers to be a mechanism of unimaginable complexity; nor shall our conclusion be easily challenged that this baffling and

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unbelievably complex thing may be the link with another world of being, whence the life and energy of the world we know are borrowed for a season.

I cannot better close this paper than by quoting the nobly prophetic words of Sir William Crookes, delivered more than thirty years ago, concerning the new matter of which at that time the first faint hint had appeared: "We have actually touched the borderland where matter and energy seem to merge into one another—the shadowy realm between the known and the unknown;" and it seems almost as if by an inspiration that this most intuitive of our scientists should have been able to say in that hour: "I venture to think the greatest scientific problems of the future will find their solution in this borderland, and even beyond. Here, it seems to me, lie ultimate realities—subtle, far-reaching, wonderful."

CHARLES KASSEL.

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THE WELFARE WORKER'S HUMAN SIDE

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

THERE are all sorts of conceptions and misconceptions of the welfare worker's work, of her duties, and of the employer's need of her. Though she has been in existence for years, though the vast majority of our great corporations, firms and factories have her on their pay-roll, the general public has only a limited notion of what she is and what she does.

What is welfare work? Who are welfare workers? In some definitions welfare work is anything, outside the technical details of an industry or a trade, which makes the workers more valuable to the employers. Whatever tends to make them healthier, more skilled, more interested in their work, belongs to the welfare division. The range of such work is wide. It may mean nothing more than having on hand a kind and pleasant-tempered woman to suggest to young girls that it is detrimental to health to stand all day on teetering, Eiffel Tower heels. Or it may mean that a force of architects, builders, engineers, landscape-gardeners, teachers, play directors, gymnasium teachers, moving picture artisans and what not, may be required for a given "welfare" job.

Take the simpler situations first. What should the ordinary woman welfare worker in an industrial or commercial plant be? What gifts should she have, what training? The correct answer is that if she has the gifts which would make her the highly successful mother of a large family, plus half a hundred other gifts, she will be fairly well equipped for welfare work. She—fortunately it may be a collective "she"—must know what to do when one girl faints. She must be able to connect another girl's morning lassitude with a shrewd guess as to last night's recreation. She must know what to do when a third cuts her hand on her machine. She must be able to distinguish the difference between the languors of a love affair and those due to an infected tooth. She must be able to tell when a girl is lying to her, and

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she must be able to convey this fact to Josephine without causing her to take refuge in utter, surly silence. She must be able to distinguish the first offender in thievery from the hardened thief. She must know how to manage when half the working force has the influenza. She must be able to persuade this girl not to spend two months' salary on an unsuitable evening dress, and that girl to go to the doctor. She must convince the free-born American working-woman that it is no denial of the rights guaranteed to her by the Constitution to ask her to hand in her cafeteria check right side up and with the money to pay it in proper order—for when one is feeding six or eight hundred women in three-quarters of an hour such things count! She must be able to preserve her self-possession when detectives and an irate parent arrive from Florida in search of the latest recruit to her staff, who, despite the plausible story she has told in the employment department, is merely a home-bored "flapper" out to see life.

It thus requires a large degree of versatility to be an industrial welfare worker. But let us go from generalizations to particular instances. What, for example, happens to girls working in department stores who are suspected of stealing and perhaps finally caught at it? In all probability there is no stern reference to the employing and discharging branch of the store for final, drastic action. The human quality is, of all the thousand qualities needed in this comparatively new profession, the pre-eminent one—and it is exercised in these cases in a somewhat original fashion.

"There is bound to be a certain amount of thievery," says the counselor of one such girl. "Any welfare worker who believes that her store is free from it is only deceiving herself. It is impossible to avoid it where there are so many temptations—so many pretty things that beauty-loving girls crave, so many little things that are easy to pick up and slip into a convenient pocket; and where there is the constant handling of money by girls who sorely need money. It is easy for girls to convince themselves that the petty thefts with which they begin do not matter much—that the store 'can afford it.' They don't consider whether they themselves 'can afford it.' They are not concerned with the abstract question of character building.

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"When finally the head of the department in which thefts are occurring has practically proved one girl guilty, that girl is sent to me. As a usual thing, if she is really the first offender she always claims to be, she can be induced to confess. Of course there is no 'third degree' method of extracting the confession. I try to get her to make the admission because, with the truth between us, there is a possibility of building some sort of permanent and worth-while relation such as could not be built on a basis of her falsehood. When she has confessed I try to learn from her whether it was girlish vanity or poverty and hard home conditions that brought about the transgression. If the latter, I try to devise some help for her. If the former, I let her know that at least I understand and do not utterly condemn her. But I try to make her see in her turn how her action has brought suspicion and shame upon all the girls with whom she is working—all her associates in her department. She has not only done the store an injury, but she has seriously injured those girls. Is she willing to admit as much to them, and to abide by their decision as to whether she is to remain and to have another chance?

"That is the 'trial by a jury of one's peers' that we have worked out. If the offender agrees—and she usually does agree if, as she almost always claims, it is her first fall from honesty—the other employees of her department come up into the general manager's room. There they are told what has happened. She admits it before them all. The manager asks what they desire the verdict to be. Shall the girl be discharged, or shall she have another chance? If she is to have another chance, her associates are told, it must mean that she is taken back absolutely—that never by the flicker of an eyelash must she be reminded of or taunted with her offense. Much has been said of 'woman's inhumanity to woman,' but it is refreshing to add that in the great majority of cases the girl's associates are merciful. 'Give her another chance,' they say, and the session ends with their all shaking hands with her. It is not a sloppy, sentimental performance. It is a carefully thought out piece of business policy."

Not everyone admits the need of this human touch. To some persons the welfare worker in industry is another bit of machinery, another contrivance of steel and wood, or another piece of red

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tape. There are radicals—especially youthful radicals—who, resenting the fact that the world is so constituted as to make welfare workers a necessity, transfer their resentment from the fact to the agents of its alleviation. There was at least one such young radical in a recent Bryn Mawr Summer School for Women Workers. The occasion on which she publicly expressed her views was in the course of a debate in the English composition class. In her vocabulary, "welfare work" was defined in two ways. It was either a cunningly applied gilding to the prison doors of "enslaved" workers, or it was the drug-charged soothing syrup with which the hated race of the enslavers stifled their conscience. She argued brilliantly. But happily there were young women of her own industrial group who strained at their leashes during her presentation of her argument, and who were on their feet tearing it to pieces as soon as she sat down. They were not such eloquent debaters as she; but they had one great advantage—they happened to know what they were talking about. They started their arguments from the safe premise of experience. They told the young scorner of welfare work exactly what it had meant to them; how it had been one of the educative forces that had fitted them for the positions in which they found themselves. And they were a picked lot; leaders in their various occupations.

Those girls were not to be convinced by any process of logic, any dazzling display of rhetoric, that the nurse in their factory, the personnel manager of their department in their store, the treasurer of the loan society in their laundry, was a disguised agent of capitalistic tyranny, any more than they could have been convinced that the chance to attend Bryn Mawr College for a season was part of the deep-laid plot. They extolled welfare work and welfare workers. And to them it was the human side of the welfare worker's efforts that had made the strongest appeal—though, almost without exception, they objected to the general notion of being "helped". It was an incident which showed the power of a word. Repeated to the head of the Welfare Division in a big New York department store, it brought forth a smile. "If they had called it 'personnel' work instead of 'welfare' work, there would have been no debate," she said. "Not even the most independent, the most radical-minded working girl

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objects to the knowledge that there is a 'personnel' division in her industry. It has a less condescending sound. 'Welfare' work is still allied with 'charity;' and one cannot blame a worker for resenting the idea of charity in her relations with an employer."

In some large department stores the employees are allowed to run charge accounts after they have been with the firm three months. These accounts are not permitted to total more than a week's salary, except after consultation with the head of the welfare work. The object of the arrangement is not to keep clerks and other workers in the bondage of perpetual debt, but to keep them free of that detriment to good salesmanship and good, efficient work. Somewhat allied to this is the loan privilege, which many large industrial concerns, both producing and selling, offer their people. Saving is encouraged. The commercial history of the country is full of cheerful stories of homes owned, of debts paid, of self-respect inculcated by the ancient process of honest acquisition—all due to the way in which group associations of employees, with the aid of the management, have encouraged saving and made it possible.

"Made possible" does not always mean made easy. Saving is a difficult road of self denial and privation, even with every encouragement. The card catalogue in one big concern recalled to the welfare worker of that store the case of a Russian who came to this country before the United States entered the war. "He must have lived on next to nothing a week," the welfare worker began as she looked at the card. "After he had been here the required three months he joined our savings association. Our employees use the savings bank, and the bank's interest on all their deposits as workers are doubled by our firm. Of course the deposits must be of the money earned here. The firm would not care to undertake to double all the deposits which an employee might be able to make through commandeering the wages or the savings of all the members of his household, wherever they worked! So the deposits have to bear a convincing relation to the wages of the depositor. Well, this Russian's savings bank book shows that within three years he had saved a thousand dollars. Then he came to the loan department and asked for a hundred and fifty

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dollars. He had been saving in order to be able to bring his mother and his two young sisters over to America. That had not been an inexpensive achievement, but he had succeeded. His face was beaming with joy. He had brought them over, he had installed them in a flat somewhere, and now he wanted a hundred and fifty dollars to buy a little furniture. Of course he got it, and of course—with the apprenticeship to thrift that he had already served—he promptly paid it back."

From another great firm came a story of savings that were used not to establish a home, but temporarily to break one up. A big, strong man who had come in with a hard luck record and who had worked energetically and successfully at first, developed in six months a "grouch", and his work suffered. The head of his department, regarding him with attention, was soon able to see that his morning moods and afternoon inefficiency were due to nightly potations. In the old days that would have been the signal for dismissal. But in this business a welfare department intervened. It developed that the man's wife, already the mother of two children, was about to have another baby. The doctor at the clinic she attended had told her that she had incipient tuberculosis and that she would not survive the coming ordeal unless she took extremely good care of herself. So she moped and cried and neglected the flat and the meals and the children, while she wished she were back in Ireland with her mother. The husband, being neither saint nor stoic, acted as any other undisciplined young man might have conducted himself in the circumstances.

The welfare worker of that concern did not remind him of the responsibilities he had undertaken at the altar. Neither did she send someone to tell the wife she ought to be ashamed of herself. Instead, after a few friendly visits to his home, it was decided to lend the man enough to send the ailing, unhappy little woman and her children to the old home for which she longed, and where her mother and sisters could help her. The sum of one hundred and sixty-four dollars was loaned and three steerage tickets were bought. The business, although the welfare department distinctly discourages "collections" and gifts as a usual thing, contributed an extra fifty dollars. In three months the man re-

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ported a fine baby born in Ireland, and a mother doing well and recovering her health. He himself was keeping his own house and keeping it neatly. He even did his own washing, and it was well done. In time he paid back two hundred and fourteen dollars to the loan fund. Then he was told that he had overpaid by fifty dollars—that the coat-and-shoe money had been a gift from the firm, and that he was, by half a hundred dollars, a member of the capitalist class!

Welfare work received a great impetus during the war when labor was scarce and when it was desirable that workers should not only be induced to remain with the job, but should also be kept in condition to do it well. There has been much falling off in it since the war, but this falling off is seldom or never on the part of firms and corporations that had tried it before the war, that have tested it for years, and that know what it means in increased efficiency, quite apart from what it means in general humanity.

Mining companies have built whole "welfare" towns. So have manufacturing companies. Other companies have transformed whole districts of already settled communities. Publishing concerns have been especially progressive in all welfare work. Department stores and factories have been increasing their efficiency for more than twenty years by a constantly growing knowledge of the relation between good work and healthful, cheerful surroundings, sanitary working conditions, hours for relaxation and recreation.

Welfare work usually begins with health. Candidates for employment are examined to find if they are likely to be able to do successfully the work required, and whether they have any infectious disease which might be a menace to their fellow employees. Once admitted to the force of an industrial concern, they find there agencies for keeping them in condition—doctors, nurses, rest rooms, hospitals; the elaborateness of the equipment depending upon the size and progressiveness of the concern. There are lunch rooms for supplying good food at the lowest possible prices. There are recreational opportunities—noonday dancing, baseball clubs, vacation funds. Some stores and factories supply dental help. Everything that bears upon the

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health of the worker and so upon his or her value as a worker is considered by the enlightened employer a matter for help, both to the conditions of the work and the condition of the employee.

Some educational work is done by a great many businesses. It may be entirely education in the particulars of the business. Classes in salesmanship are the commonest example of this form of work. Or it may be generally cultural. In the case of young people entering industry at fourteen, many States now require continuation classes to be held in the shops and factories employing them, the State supplying the teachers and prescribing the curriculum.

The workers' economic condition is helped by such savings and loan associations as have already been cited, and also by schemes of coöperative buying which many concerns have instituted. Here laundry workers have bought their summer ginghams at wholesale prices through their welfare department; there bank clerks have bought their butter and eggs, their bacon and sugar, through theirs; and so on.

The mental condition of the worker is at last recognized as one of the largest factors in her efficiency or inefficiency. This has required the extension of the welfare worker's task into that of the home visitor, the friend, the advisor in all the problems which human beings of every class are so marvellously able to construct for themselves. In other words, when welfare work entered the shop and the factory, woman followed her old work out of the home in a very special sense—her old work of nursing her sick, of binding up her wounded, of making cheer for her young, of teaching them prudence, of giving them understanding and sympathy.

ELIZABETH JORDAN.

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THE APPEAL OF THE RELIGIOUS PRESS

BY H. K. CARROLL

It should be obvious, even to the superficial observer, that the religious press is necessary to the plans, purposes and enterprises of the organizations known collectively as the Christian Church, and individually as religious bodies or denominations. The denominational system which characterizes the branch of Christianity known as Protestantism makes a denominational press indispensable. If there were one Protestant Church as there is one Roman Catholic Church, the problem would be simplified, but the necessity would not be removed. Not long ago, the National Welfare Council, acting for the Roman Catholic Church, conducted a campaign to increase the circulation of the Roman Catholic press. In doing so it gave six reasons why a Catholic press is necessary, the chief of which is that the secular newspaper does not serve its Catholic readers with news of Catholic institutions, organizations, movements and events. It manifestly could not do this for one denomination without doing it for all. It could not give the space for all, it could not discuss denominational questions, and its staff is not fitted for this kind of work. It might be added that most dailies have no consistent plan of dealing with current religious events. They may report one or two sessions of an ecclesiastical convention, or synod, quite fully, and neglect the rest. One can never be sure that the accounts given will be either adequate or intelligent. Therefore, said the National Welfare Council, there must be a Catholic press, and the welfare of the Church requires that this press should go into every Catholic family. Other denominations would with equal conviction hold to the necessity of a denominational press, and the reasons are too obvious to call for discussion.

How far short the Catholic press falls of the ideal condition of a copy in each of the estimated four million Catholic homes is indicated in the appeal referred to. Only about a million homes

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receive, we are told, a Catholic journal, or one-fourth of the whole number. This sums up fairly well the reasons for the existence of the religious press of Protestant denominations. The difference in faith, in church polity, discipline, form of worship, in no wise affects the necessity of the appeal of each religious body to its own constituency. The same conditions which lead to the establishment of art, scientific, industrial, trade, and other class publications operate in the religious world to create and continue denominational journals. Scarcely any denomination, however small and insignificant, is without its own organ to present the reasons for its existence and to advocate its principles.

Denominationalism is still very strong, notwithstanding the various movements for Christian unity which have been launched from time to time, and Councils or Conferences for co-operation which have been formed, as the Evangelical Alliance, whose successor, the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, has carried interdenominational fellowship and co-operation to its most advanced stage by an organization embracing thirty or more Evangelical denominations having an aggregate of twenty million church members or communicants. The Faith and Order Movement, launched by the Protestant Episcopal Church, and aiming at world-wide organic union, has its hope fixed upon a Conference to be held in the not distant future. The initiative in 1919, taken by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America, for an organization in which Baptists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Methodists, Friends, Lutherans and other bodies of diverse polities, principles, practices and creeds, were to be brought together in a sort of Federal Union, preserving their own histories, names, forms of organizations, confessions, and even methods of work, has been abandoned by its own proponent, with its value as an experiment unascertained.

Nor can it be said that organic union of members of the same group, as Presbyterian and Reformed, Methodist, Baptist, Lutheran, etc., where differences are few and agreements many, has had much success. A small body of Baptists and a smaller body of Presbyterians have merged with other family members. The one notable achievement in reversing the process of division

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has been in the Lutheran communion, where three considerable English-speaking bodies united, a few years ago, in forming the United Lutheran Church in America, and three Norwegian organizations were securely welded into one.

The chief Presbyterian and Reformed bodies, though friendly enough for co-operation and fellowship, cannot quite consent to surrender their independence and separate entities; and a like fear of being swallowed up and losing their particular identities prevents the Methodist Episcopal Church and the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, from returning to the united state from which they were separated when slavery was a burning question three-quarters of a century ago.

The particular bearing which this question of organic union has upon the condition of the religious press is that there are too many of these papers. If the number of denominations were reduced, the number of organs could be reduced, and the weak, unattractive, inefficient, which serve no useful purpose, could be retired. As an illustration, the United Lutheran Church in America is now represented by one strong, able, influential paper, where three or more used to compete. As a matter of fact a Lutheran weekly printed on calendered paper, in good type, with a variety of contributed articles and strong, vigorous editorials, is not unwelcome to non-Lutheran readers, for in these days the denominational barriers are not so high that Methodists and Presbyterians and Lutherans may not see what is going on beyond their own enclosures, and be quite willing to add a paper of another denomination to their own.

Now having suggested that the multiplicity of denominations, every one of which insists upon a denominational organ to vindicate its existence, accounts for many journals too weak to perform any useful function, and that organic union is the only salvation of scores of useless and decaying denominations, let me show

Year	*No. of papers*	*Aggregate circulation*
1880	268	2,091,866
1890	337	3,061,076
1900	410	4,805,433
1910	398	7,020,027
1920	354	7,000,923

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something of the history of the religious press of the United States in the last forty years. The story of its growth in number and circulation is graphically told in the preceding condensed table.

The increase in the number of these journals does not mean an increase of power and influence; it is to the gain in average circulation to which we must look for greater effectiveness, and this was small, being only 1,300 in the first ten years and 2,600 in the second. When the number of papers began to decrease after 1900 the average circulation ran up to 17,638 in 1910 and to 19,776 in 1920. This increase in average circulation was in the face of a loss in the number of journals of 12 in 1910 and 44 in 1920. Unfortunately, the evolutionary process of the survival of the fittest probably did not determine the continued life of some of these papers, but an appeal to denominational pride, or the granting of a denominational subvention. That is to say, some denominational papers representing particular localities, or constituencies, or races, or causes, are published at a loss, which is made good out of the excess of incomes of other periodicals belonging to the same publishers. Some of the larger denominations have this system of an official press. The Methodist Episcopal Church has an official publishing house, with publishing agents and editors elected by its General Conference and responsible to it. Certain other denominations are served by both official and independent periodicals.

Whether official denominational control tends to develop, or to hinder, the self-support and healthy growth of the periodicals whose deficits are covered from the general publication income, or whether editorial freedom of utterance is or is not hampered, is not, so far as the Methodist Episcopal Church itself is concerned, a matter of much discussion. The editors would affirm, one and all, that they are under no other control or hint of control as to the expression of editorial opinion on any subject than that of their consciences and common sense. And so far as their journals bear witness it is to the exercise of editorial freedom. The only instance of pressure brought to bear upon an official editor to resign was in the late war and concerned a German periodical. His opinions were contrary not only to the loyal attitude of the Church, but to the feeling of the majority

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of his German constituency. The incident was quietly settled and another German editor appointed. Of course, such a change would take place under any kind of ownership or control. However, the argument that an official editor will be influenced, either consciously or unconsciously, by the judgment of the body which holds the power of his official life in its hands, cannot perhaps be conclusively answered. But it is only fair to say that no Church is more effectively served than this by its group of a dozen or more official and semi-official weeklies.

The growth of the religious press in the forty years, by denominational groups, does not indicate any disposition to abandon this method of cultivating denominational loyalty, denominational enterprise and denominational prosperity. The Methodist group, including fifteen or more separate bodies, was served in 1880 by 39 papers with an aggregate circulation of 221,000. In the next ten years the circulation was more than doubled; it was doubled again in the period 1900–10, and in 1920, covering the war period, when scarcity of print paper and high cost of production reduced the number of publications, the total circulation again advanced by 269,000 to 1,415,000. These figures carry their own argument and enforce their own conclusion, which is that the denominational press is reaching six times as many Methodists as it did forty years ago.

The Baptist group, including fifteen separate bodies, had 24 papers in 1880, with 143,000 aggregate circulation; in 1900 it more than doubled the number of its papers and their aggregate circulation, and in 1920 it had 47 papers with an aggregate circulation of 459,000. This is not so favorable a showing as might have been expected. The Baptists have great popular strength. They have run side by side with the Methodist group, and are making prodigious strides, particularly in the South. The Southern Baptist Convention is by far the largest Protestant body in the South, with probably three and a quarter millions of members, having a million more than the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, and being second only as a denomination to the Methodist Episcopal Church. That the Baptist press should have less than half a million average circulation among nearly 8,000,000 communicants, notwithstanding the fact that

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their attachment to denominational doctrine, principles and practices is tenacious and their denominational loyalty intense, is a phenomenon for which I can offer no explanation.

The Presbyterian group, consisting of ten or more separate bodies, had more papers and a larger average circulation in 1880 than it had either ten or twenty years later. In 1910 with more papers, 26, the average circulation was more than double that of 1900. In the next ten years it lost ten papers and advanced in aggregate circulation to 454,000; nearly as large as that of the Baptists, for a group of much less than one-third of the Baptist numerical strength.

The Roman Catholic press has grown by leaps and bounds in the number and aggregate circulation of its press. Beginning with 44 papers in 1880, with 271,000 aggregate circulation, it advanced to 76 papers in 1900 and 819,000 circulation, crossing the million line in circulation in 1900 and increasing it to 1,367,000 in 1910. Of course the Roman Catholic constituency is polyglot in character and embraces many distinct European nationalities. It has grown immensely by immigration and now has a population, including communicants and baptized infants, of more than 18,000,000. Its press has gained not only in aggregate circulation, but in character and influence. One of its weeklies has a circulation of 50,000, another of 32,000 and a third of 27,500, ranking in this respect only a little under the three most widely circulated Methodist papers.

The Lutheran group, embracing many separate bodies, has developed a denominational press of growing power and influence, but with a combined circulation below that of the other groups mentioned. The two mergings of six Lutheran bodies into two compact organizations promise greatly increased effectiveness and enterprise.

I have left out of view so far the interdenominational press. These papers are generally well supported and some of them, which offer particular features of service, have attained a large and remunerative circulation. Members of the various Evangelical denominations are drawn to them because they neither exploit nor decry denominational interests, but endeavor to give a broad general survey of religious progress, and lend support

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to interdenominational co-operation and Christian unity. They cannot, however, take the place, in the minds of the majority of ministers and church members, of their own denominational papers in the matter of denominational news and discussion of denominational policies and enterprises. Hence as long as denominations endure, the denominational press will probably continue.

The daily newspaper will equally hold its place in Christian minds as the purveyor of the news of the day from the wide world, and no one is more interested in the events in other continents and nations than the alert minister and church member, because in these days of missionary enterprise in all lands, progress in Christian civilization is the natural outcome, as they believe, of missionary work, and they have the world vision and interpret events in other hemispheres in the light of their faith in the Divine formative Providence. And the omniscient editor of the morning or evening newspaper may have little or no knowledge and less sympathy with this dream.

More than this, ministers and church members are greatly interested in moral and governmental reforms and believe that the evils of society should be fought and overthrown. They developed a conscience against slavery and the lottery and rejoiced in their overthrow; they inaugurated and conducted a campaign against the drink evil until prohibition came, and there are other reforms which they are prosecuting for the benefit of humanity. The great newspapers are not always friendly to these reforms; but the religious press serves faithfully in creating and strengthening sentiment against public evils.

I am aware that there is a general impression that the religious press is not the power that it used to be in leadership and the shaping of religious opinion. This belief may be due, in some measure, to the fact that certain notable changes have taken place in its editorial control. Those whose memory runs back to the days when eminent denominational leaders were in the editorial chair, and made their journals personal organs, may easily conclude that there has been a decline in editorial leadership because these well-known editors have passed off the stage of action, and their successors do not advertise themselves. But this is the day of impersonal editorship, not only in the religious

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but also in the daily press. A generation ago leading Church papers were edited as though they were personal organs. There was Dr. S. I. Prime, Presbyterian divine, whose genial and commanding personality made the dual departments of *The New York Observer*, the secular and the religious, one for week day and the other for Sunday reading, welcome in thousands of homes; and its opinions were quoted, not as those of the paper, but as those of the wise and erudite Dr. Prime. And there was Dr. Henry M. Field, of the brilliant Stockbridge family, which gave to the country great lawyers, father and son, a United States Supreme Court Justice, a financier and cable-layer, as well as an eminent divine. Dr. Field had a genius for the pen and made *The Evangelist* an attractive personal organ. Dr. Henry M. Dexter was, in those days, *The Congregationalist*, and *The Congregationalist* was Dr. Dexter. Drs. Daniel Curry and J. M. Buckley gave successively intellectual strength and brilliance to *The Christian Advocate*, and men quoted them more than they quoted the paper. In this galaxy was also Dr. E. M. Bright, of *The Examiner*, whose virile, caustic pen fought opposing opinion and pointed the way to his Baptist followers; and the coruscating T. DeWitt Talmage, whose sermons read like novels, carried *The Christian Herald* into sudden prominence, which it has managed to hold under its impersonal régime. Henry Ward Beecher gave tone and brilliance to *The Independent*, which Theodore Tilton, in a brief meteoric career, changed by subtracting the tone and maintaining the brilliance.

These men are missed, just as the great personal editors of the daily press are missed. Horace Greeley and Whitelaw Reid, the Bennetts, Charles A. Dana, Henry Watterson and other shining lights, have disappeared from the firmament of journalism; but their successors in the editorial chairs, though they do not work in the blaze of personal publicity, make greater, steadier, stronger papers for the public. A personal journal is as strong and sound as its controlling editor and not more so, for if it has his strength and wisdom, it also partakes of his weaknesses and foibles.

The passing of personal journalism does not therefore indicate a decline. When Dr. Daniel Curry controlled by his great

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personality the columns of *The Christian Advocate*, a half century ago, and fought the introduction of the lay element into the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, prominent laymen established an unofficial paper, *The Methodist*, which carried this important reform to success.

I do not believe that the religious press has declined in influence, but I do not say that it has improved very generally in character. A letter to me from the editor of an influential religious paper published in a Border State of the South, is quite frank in expressing his opinion: "While the religious newspapers of this country have done considerable good in the great work of carrying on our religious operations, I cannot believe that they have been any great power in our national life. Poverty and short-sighted policies with reference to our journalism, and a scant circulation, have kept our religious press on a secondary plane of influence. The idea of the value of publicity has never gripped the heart of our Evangelical Churches." He is, however, hopeful for the future, and sees indications that the Churches are beginning to develop a conscience concerning their periodicals, and he believes that in a few years, "we will look back and wonder that in the year 1922 the Evangelical Churches were practically content with the Church press as it was then."

The religious press has a difficult task to perform in the present generation. Anybody can see that change is the order of the day in religion as in government, in business, in commerce and industry, and in other human activities. Science has come with its passion for fact and with its discoveries, and philosophy is busy with theories and deductions based on scientific facts. Evolution as a working hypothesis is widely accepted in religious circles and modifies, if it does not actually change, belief. The exact methods of science are being applied to the interpretation of the Bible by a widening company of scholars. The New Testament as well as the Old is under the microscope and interpretations which the Fathers would have indignantly rejected are defended with increasing confidence. Old methods of evangelism are being abandoned, and in preaching emphasis is put on a different set of doctrines. It is true that many of these changes are not fundamental. The Deity, the sinlessness and the saving

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power of Jesus Christ, the fact of sin and its corrupting power, the necessity of regeneration and of the building of a Christian character in accordance with the teachings of Christ, are still held and preached as great central doctrines; and Christian life, though it may seem far less strict in observance of certain rules and practices, measures up to a higher moral standard.

The religious press moves forward with the Church in all these things, and interprets for its constituency the newer and larger claims which society, the state and the nations collectively are making upon the Church. Its particular weakness lies in its lack of financial resources. Its golden future, if it is to have one, must be in that day when the process of reunion has reduced the multiplicity of denominations to, say, the original stocks of a single Presbyterian and Reformed body, one Baptist, one Methodist, one Lutheran and one Mennonite organization, instead of seventy. Then many superfluous denominational organs will die of inanition, and larger, stronger and more commanding periodicals will represent the chief Protestant divisions. This day is near the dawn, for the increasing demands for funds to finance the work of the Churches in their broadening fields of activity would compel consolidation of members of these and other groups as an economic measure alone, if other reasons were lacking. They are held apart more by the force of the fervid appeal to denominational loyalty to a proud history than by any serious differences in belief or practice. Meantime interdenominational journals may have increasing support and influence, if they can see and seize the opportunity.

H. K. Carroll.

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THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

MR. STRACHEY'S OTHER STRING[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

Mr. Lytton Strachey is the Lucky Fiddler of criticism, for his bow has two strings. As is known to all, he can do biographical criticism to the King's taste, if not to the Queen's (what Victoria would have thought of Mr. Strachey's book about her is a fascinating speculation). It is less generally known that Mr. Strachey is also an accomplished master of that somewhat bedraggled art, literary criticism. This seems hardly fair. Mr. Strachey should have been content with the kind of thing he does so triumphantly in *Eminent Victorians* and in his Life of the Queen, without poaching on the preserves of those who write about such dull matters as poetry, plays, and novels. Is Mr. Strachey a member of the Critics' Union? To be sure, he had written an earlier book of criticism, and he has contributed to *The New Quarterly*, *The Edinburgh Review*, *The Athenæum*. Yet we fancy that it will jolt the critical guild to find Mr. Strachey using their tools and loafing around with such easy grace, as if he were entirely at home, in the club-rooms of the Brotherhood. What business (you hear them muttering) has the biographer of Florence Nightingale and Victoria to be writing—and writing with such dangerous ease and competence—about Blake and Shakespeare and Sir Thomas Browne *as artists*, not simply as Characters? It seems, as we said, unfair and monopolistic. Mr. Strachey's possession of a card should be established without delay.

But alas, card or no card, we fear that Mr. Strachey, as a practitioner of literary criticism, has come to stay, no matter how unwelcome he may be to those who cannot but view with some degree of envy his brilliant performance of their own stunts.

[1] *Books and Characters.* By Lytton Strachey. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

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Mr. Strachey, contrasting those poets whose virtue resides in their substance with those other poets who prevail by reason of their style, remarks: "Take away the expression from the *Satires* of Pope, or from *The Excursion*, and, though you will destroy the poems, you will leave behind a great mass of thought. Take away the expression from *Hyperion*, and you will leave nothing at all. To ask which is the better of the two styles is like asking whether a peach is better than a rose, because, both being beautiful, you can eat the one and not the other."

Discussing the tragedies of Racine and the tragedies of Voltaire, he writes: "The technical restrictions [Racine] labored under were incredibly great; his vocabulary was cribbed, his versification was cabined, his whole power of dramatic movement was scrupulously confined; conventional rules of every conceivable denomination hurried out to restrain his genius, with the alacrity of Lilliputians pegging down a Gulliver; wherever he turned he was met by a hiatus or a pitfall, a blind-alley or a *mot bas*. But his triumph was not simply the conquest of these refractory creatures; it was something much more astonishing. It was the creation, in spite of them, nay, by their very aid, of a glowing, living, soaring, and enchanting work of art. To have brought about this amazing combination, to have erected, upon a structure of Alexandrines, of Unities, of Noble Personages, of stilted diction, of the whole intolerable paraphernalia of the Classical stage, an edifice of subtle psychology, of exquisite poetry, of overwhelming passion—that is a *tour de force* whose achievement entitles Jean Racine to a place among the very few consummate artists of the world. Voltaire, unfortunately, was neither a poet nor a psychologist; and, when he took up the mantle of Racine, he put it, not upon a human being, but upon a tailor's block. To change the metaphor, Racine's work resembled one of those elaborate paper transparencies which delighted our grandmothers, illuminated from within so as to present a charming tinted picture with varying degrees of shadow and of light. Voltaire was able to make the transparency, but he never could light the candle; and the only result of his efforts was some sticky pieces of paper, cut into curious shapes, and roughly daubed with color."

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Again, he wishes to suggest in a sentence the essence of the Romantic revival ("that marvelous hour in the history of French literature when the tyranny of two centuries was shattered forever"), and he does it thus: "It was the hour of Hugo, Vigny, Musset, Gautier, Balzac, with their new sonorities and golden cadences, their new lyric passion and dramatic stress, their new virtuosities, their new impulse towards the strange and the magnificent, their new desire for diversity and the manifold comprehension of life."

Now, what are you going to do about a professing biographer, a projector of historical characters, who, according to the rules of the game, should stick to Victoria and Manning and Gordon and the rest, yet persists in stealing the literary critic's stuff and putting it to such engaging uses? Obviously, the only wise thing to do is to admit him to the Brotherhood. For not only is it distressingly clear that the interloper can perform the Brotherhood's own tricks, but it is evident that he can teach them some new ones of uncommon merit. He has that priceless faculty in a critic—the faculty of taking an old and much photographed subject and so placing it before the lens as to produce a wholly new set of contours and surfaces and expressions, so that we see the long-familiar face, the well-known turn of the neck and pose of the body, in a fresh and engrossing light. He glances at our old friend Hamlet, for example, and begins to speak of the tragedy of that much-examined soul. Perhaps you expect to have Mr. Strachey ring the changes on Hamlet's wavering will? You are in for a pleasant disappointment. "Hamlet's tragedy," he remarks (as casually as if he were re-stating a critical platitude), "was the tragedy of an over-powerful will—a will so strong as to recoil upon itself, and fall into indecision. It is easy for a weak man to be decided . . . ; but a strong man, who can do anything, sometimes leaves everything undone."

Shakespearean sharks like Dr. Lawrence Mason may think that Mr. Strachey's theory as to the state of mind in which the divine William conceived the plays of his final period is a bit over-simplified, and perhaps it is. But it is at least plausible, and it makes mighty interesting reading—so interesting that we cannot resist exhibiting some of it. When Shakespeare wrote *Cymbeline* and

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The Winter's Tale, he was getting bored—"bored with people, bored with real life, bored with drama, bored, in fact, with everything except poetry and poetical dreams. He is no longer interested, one often feels, in what happens, or who says what, so long as he can find place for a faultless lyric, or a new, unimagined rhythmical effect, or a grand and mystic speech. . . . Is it not thus, then, that we should imagine him in the last years of his life? Half enchanted by visions of beauty and loveliness, and half bored to death; on the one side inspired by a soaring fancy to the singing of ethereal songs, and on the other urged by a general disgust to burst occasionally through his torpor into bitter and violent speech? If we are to learn anything of his mind from his last works, it is surely this." And then Mr. Strachey proceeds to take Shakespeare to task for having achieved in *The Tempest* a work in which "unreality has reached its apotheosis" (he has just been pointing out that in all the plays of the final period, "we are no longer in the real world, but in a world of enchantment, of mystery, of wonder, . . . a world in which anything may happen next"). He is unhappy over this aspect of *The Tempest:* "Two of the principal characters are frankly not human beings at all; and the whole action passes, through a series of impossible occurrences, in a place which can only by courtesy be said to exist." This strikes us as a bit thick, unless we are too dull to understand why Mr. Strachey should be dissatisfied with *The Tempest* because of its "unreality". Surely he is no first cousin to the celebrated British matron who objected to *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* because they were "so improbable"? Mr. Strachey cannot be in *that* galley. We read on, and find that what Mr. Strachey really objects to in *The Tempest* is that it differs from the romance and magic of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in that its supernatural beings are not "full of life". The persons that haunt that wood near Athens—elves no less than lords and ladies and mechanics—"*are* full of life": "substantial creatures, whose loves and jokes and quarrels receive our thorough sympathy. . . . To turn from Theseus and Titania and Bottom to the Enchanted Island, is to step out of a country lane into a conservatory. The roses and the dandelions have vanished before preposterous cactuses

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and fascinating orchids too delicate for the open air." Is one mistaken in thinking that Mr. Strachey in this vivacious passage is just a bit less perceptive, less delicately comprehending, less intuitive, than one has a right to expect him to be? Is he quite fair to himself when he grumbles at Ariel's "insubstantiality"? He refers somewhere in this essay to his "irreverent eye"; but here we are confronting not "irreverence" but what an unfriendly critic of Mr. Strachey (if conceivably there be any such) might rudely call obtuseness.

The Shakespeare study was written sixteen years ago, when Mr. Strachey, like the rest of us, was younger than he is now; and his essay on *The Poetry of William Blake*, dating from the same year, has something of the same relative immaturity. What strikes one at the outset is that the diction is a good deal less artfully felicitous than that of the mature, contemporary Strachey. We do not think that Mr. Strachey to-day—the Strachey who knows so many of the secrets of beautiful and musical prose—would use in the same line the words "singularly" and "single". Nor is it easy to imagine the Strachey of to-day writing these stiff and perfunctory phrases—

. . . his compositions, amenable to no other laws than those of his own making, fill a unique place in the poetry of the world.

. . . worthy of the great university under whose auspices it has been produced, and of the great artist whose words it will help to perpetuate.

. . . welcomed by every lover of English poetry.

And it is in this essay that Mr. Strachey attains what is, for him, the almost incredible quality of stupidity. He attains it when he permits himself to object to mysticism because of what he calls "its lack of humanity". "The mystic ideal," he observes, "is the highest of all; but it has no breadth." Of that, there are so many things to say that one gives up in dismay. We leave Mr. Strachey to the tender mercies of Miss Evelyn Underhill and the embattled ghosts of Shankara, Emerson, and Walt Whitman. You cannot help wondering what Mr. Strachey thinks a "mystic" is, and whether he would be greatly surprised to learn that Jesus of Nazareth was one.

Yet turn to almost any page in this delectable collection, and how easily you forgive Mr. Strachey for his occasional obtuse-

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ness! After all, what critic—even the most brilliant and acute—has not disclosed blind spots and rioted with perverse joy in astonishing miscomprehensions? Remember the obtuseness of Matthew Arnold about Shelley, of Schumann about Wagner, of Swinburne about Euripides, of Lowell about Whitman, of Sainte-Beuve about Stendhal (a case which Mr. Strachey himself recalls), of Pater about Rossetti—who was praised by the ineffable Walter for his lesser virtues and ignored for his transcendent ones. So who will not gladly forgive Mr. Strachey for his nonsense about mysticism and his myopic view of *The Tempest* when his many triumphs of interpretation and disclosure are happily brought to mind?

You will remember, perhaps, the swift vividness with which he sets forth the difference between the magic allusiveness of Shakespeare and the simple directness of Racine: "When Shakespeare [he says] wishes to describe a silent night he does so with a single stroke of detail—

. . not a mouse stirring . . .

"Racine's way is different, but is it less masterly?

Mais tout dort, et l'armée, et les vents, et Neptune.

"What a flat and feeble set of expressions! is the Englishman's first thought—with the conventional 'Neptune', and the vague 'armée', and the commonplace 'vents'. And he forgets to notice the total impression which these words produce—the atmosphere of darkness and emptiness and vastness and ominous hush."

Is that not admirable as a piece of critical indication? And here is his description of the method by which Shakespeare paints the minds of men diffused, not sharpened, by emotion: "As passion rises, expression becomes more and more poetical and vague. Image flows into image, thought into thought, until at last the state of mind is revealed, inform and molten, driving darkly through a vast storm of words." And his picture of the imaginative terrain of Racine is not easily forgotten: "The world of his creation is not a copy of our own; it is a heightened and rarefied extension of it; moving, in triumph and in beauty, through 'an ampler ether, a diviner air'. It is a world where

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the hesitations and the pettinesses and the squalors of this earth have been fired out [1]; a world where ugliness is a forgotten name, and lust itself has grown ethereal; where anguish has become a grace and death a glory, and love the beginning and the end of all."

Some will excite themselves with argument over the relative importance of Mr. Strachey the critic of letters and Mr. Strachey the critic of character. Perhaps the passage that we have just quoted may help to suggest the relative value of the two Stracheys. Mr. Strachey as a discoverer and appreciator of æsthetic qualities is beguiling and sensitive and distinguished, and he writes with point, with wit, with beauty. He is clairvoyant, eloquent, delightful, when he writes of poets and prose-men. But Mr. Strachey the biographical dramatizer is azygous in the true sense of the word. It is not difficult to think of other men who could have written as well as he has written of Racine, of Stendhal, of Sir Thomas Browne. But who else under the canopy could have produced the consummate essay on Madame du Deffand in *Books and Characters*, or the sly and delicious study of Voltaire and Frederick the Great, or that dazzling piece of biographical bravura, *Lady Hester Stanhope*? Here Mr. Strachey is a sovereign of undisputed sway; here he is without rival: a master of masters. Where in the literature of biographical narrative would you turn to find the equal of the superb passage with which Mr. Strachey brings to an end his study of Lady Hester?—

"She ran into debt, and was swindled by the money-lenders; her steward cheated her, her servants pilfered her; her distress was at last acute. She fell into fits of terrible depression, bursting into dreadful tears and savage cries. Her habits grew more and more eccentric. She lay in bed all day, and sat up all night, talking unceasingly for hour upon hour to Dr. Meryon, who alone of her English attendants remained with her, Mrs. Fry having withdrawn to more congenial scenes long since. The doctor was a poor-spirited and muddled-headed man, but he was a good listener; and there he sat while that extraordinary talk flowed

[1] Mr. Strachey was writing Britannic English, not American English, and so of course did not suspect that his "fired out" might be a little disconcerting to the American reader of his exalted paragraph.

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on—talk that scaled the heavens and ransacked the earth, talk in which memories of an abolished past—stories of Mr. Pitt and of George III, vituperations against Mr. Canning, mimicries of the Duchess of Devonshire—mingled phantasmagorically with doctrines of Fate and planetary influence, and speculations on the Arabian origin of the Scottish clans, and lamentations over the wickedness of servants; till the unaccountable figure, with its robes and its long pipe, loomed through the tobacco-smoke like some vision of a Sibyl in a dream. She might be robbed and ruined, her house might crumble over her head; but she talked on. She grew ill and desperate; yet still she talked. Did she feel that the time was coming when she could talk no more? . . .

"She lived for nearly a year after he [Dr. Meryon] left her—we know no more. She had vowed never to pass through the gate of her house; but did she sometimes totter to her garden—that beautiful garden which she had created, with its roses and its fountains, its alleys and its bowers—and look westward at the sea? The end came in June, 1839. Her servants immediately possessed themselves of every movable object in the house. But Lady Hester cared no longer: she was lying back in her bed—inexplicable, grand, preposterous, with her nose in the air."

You recognize, of course, that this is the mother-ship of certain of those sly and devastating submarines of character that were afterward to flash through the shining waters of *Queen Victoria* (the essay on Lady Hester is dated 1919). But what if Mr. Strachey does pull the same stuff more than once? No one else could do it; and it is marvelous stuff.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

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AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

IRELAND has once more taken the centre of the tragic stage. Scarcely had justice been executed upon the murderers of Field Marshal Wilson when the same abhorrent passion manifested itself again in the even more cowardly assassination of Michael Collins. He was the one man whom the country could least afford to lose, and his death, following hard upon that of his colleague Arthur Griffith,—no less a martyr to duty, though in a different fashion,—leaves Ireland bereft indeed. Never before in our time, not in the days of Phœnix Park and Kilmainham, nor in those of the Easter Rebellion, has the situation been more deplorable and ominous. At the very time when the renascent nation most needs the best possible leadership, it is deprived of the two men who above all others possessed and merited the confidence of the people and had shown themselves competent for the task before them. At the very time when union and harmony are supremely essential, the land is faction-rent as never before. The most ominous feature of the case is, obviously, the danger that chaos and anarchy may presently make it necessary for the sake of humanity that England shall intervene and reëstablish British rule—which would have to be done at the point of the bayonet. Such a necessity, and such a fulfilment of it would, I need scarcely add, be one of the most regrettable things that could possibly happen, from either the Irish or the British point of view. It would be nothing less than a calamity for both nations.

The coal strike, which at one time threatened the greater part of the United States with a winter more dark and cold than that which we suffered during the World War, has been marked with bitter irony. Never before was the machinery of Federal legislation and administration so elaborately and benevolently or-

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ganized for the just avoidance of such troubles. And yet, as if defiantly to flout such safeguards and agencies, the very greatest of all such troubles was wantonly and contumaciously brought upon us. The operators proposed that the men should return to work at the same wages which they received in March last, and should continue at work on those terms until the first of April next, meanwhile leaving all other issues to governmental arbitration. But the strikers, or their leaders, peremptorily rejected the offer; not because the wages offered were insufficient nor because any other conditions of labor were unsatisfactory, but solely because they were unwilling to submit to arbitration—albeit the operators had not insisted that acceptance of arbitral awards should be compulsory, but had conceded that the men should be free to reject any award that did not please them. "We will never consent to arbitration, or to any phase of arbitration," was the declaration attributed to Mr. John L. Lewis, the president of the United Mine Workers; practically reëchoing the intolerably intolerant dictum of George F. Baer, spokesman of the operators, in the strike of twenty years ago. Strange words for the third decade of the twentieth century of the Christian Era! I have keen recollection of more than one case in which labor unions demanded arbitration, and scathingly denounced the employers for their unwillingness to accept it. More than that, ever since the United States and the United Kingdom set the great example of fifty years ago, men and women throughout the world—statesmen and soldiers, scholars and philanthropists, capitalists and industrialists, churches and labor unions—have been earnestly urging the universal substitution of arbitration for war. Yet here was organized labor, which had been conspicuously vociferous for international arbitration instead of war, stubbornly insisting in industrial affairs upon war rather than arbitration. It was a disheartening spectacle.

Not the least interesting and important part of the President's address to Congress on the labor troubles was his reference to the Massacre of Herrin—which he fittingly condemned in the strongest terms at his command—coupled with a renewal of the old,

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old plea for Federal authority to fulfil our treaty obligations. Among the victims at Herrin, it seems, were some aliens, whose Government may call ours to task for the tragedy and may demand redress; in which case our Government will be put in the humiliating and scandalous plight of having to confess that the murderers have not been punished and that it has no power to punish or to compel the punishment of them. Just such things have happened before. Seventy years ago a New Orleans mob wrecked the Spanish consulate, looted the shops and homes of Spaniards, and defiled the Spanish flag and the portrait of the Spanish Queen. It went quite unpunished, and our Government —Daniel Webster was Secretary of State at the time—had to plead the baby act of inability to do anything about it; save to pay a round indemnity from the public funds. Later, in our own time, we were put in the same plight by a massacre of Chinamen at Rock Springs, and by various murders of Italians in New Orleans. For seventy years Presidents have been pleading with Congress, for the sake of justice and national honor, to prevent any more such humiliation by investing the Federal courts with jurisdiction over all offenses against treaty obligations. Nothing could be more logical than that, because treaties are exclusively the business of the Federal Government and all cases arising under them therefore properly pertain to the Federal courts. Of course, unnaturalized aliens are under the protection of treaties made by us with the lands from which they came, and wrongs done to them are therefore wrongs against those treaties. The last time before the present that such an appeal for Federal jurisdiction was made, the granting of it was objected to and was, I believe, defeated in Congress on the ground that to give aliens special protection would be to violate the Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution which, it was said, guarantees to all persons the equal protection of the laws. But that Amendment contains no such guarantee. It merely forbids any State to deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws; a quite different thing. Since the section in question refers explicitly to persons who are citizens of the United States by birth or naturalization, it is not clear that it applies at all to aliens who are not citizens. Moreover, to forbid a State to dis-

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criminate among those under its jurisdiction is certainly not to deny the right and power of the Federal Government to give special protection to those who stand apart in a special class and for whose welfare it is specially responsible. Note that the Constitution does extend the judicial power of the Federal Government "to all cases, in law and equity, arising under Treaties." If the murdering of a man whom a treaty obligates the Government to protect does not present a case arising under a treaty, it would be interesting to know why.

One of the most eloquent tributes paid to Samuel F. B. Morse and his invention of the telegraph was that he had done more than any other man to bring the people of the world together, in intimate communication. That was quite just and true; at that time. But at least equal if not greater credit to the same effect must be given to the late Alexander Graham Bell. The telephone is fully the peer of the telegraph in utility, while it far excels it in familiar and multitudinous use, as of course it also does in ingenuity and the elements of the wonderful. If by popular preference, or on strictly scientific grounds of value, utility and necessity, only one of them were to be retained and the other were to be eliminated from the arts of civilization, there can be no question as to what the choice would be. The name of Bell must ever have a secure place among those of the greatest inventive benefactors of the race.

The famous *Rake's Progress* is eclipsed by the progress of the German mark; in both extent and profligacy. In January, 1914, there were 2,407,000,000 paper marks in circulation, and gold was at par. In July, 1919, the paper circulation was 29,269,000,000, and gold was at 3.81 premium. In July, 1920, the paper circulation was nearly 55,000,000,000, and gold stood at 9.72. In July, 1921, paper marks totalled 78,000,000,000, and gold stood at 18.77. In July, 1922, the paper marks had risen to 173,000,000,000, and gold stood at 113.63. Now, every international financier knows that this has been unnecessary and wanton inflation. France, suffering far greater financial burdens than Germany and taxed several times more heavily, has limited

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her paper currency and is now steadily reducing its volume and returning to a parity between it and gold. Germany, like a wanton, chooses "the easiest way"; and not only the easiest, but what she thinks the surest way to defraud her lawful creditors. Also, when the date for paying an instalment on her debts draws near, she transfers her millions from banks where her creditors might levy upon them and puts them where she thinks them safe, and then pleads poverty and inability to pay. Yet there are those who wonder at her chief creditor's increasing inclination to exert lawful pressure upon the international welsher.

Senhor Pedro Carolino, if happily he is still in the flesh, might write a sequel to the little book which made him famous, to be entitled *The Tariff as She Is Made.* We are told that the pending bill, on being sent by the House to a conference committee, for a third drafting, comprised no fewer than 2,436 changes from the first draft. These were all to be passed upon, confirmed, rejected or what not, by a committee of six, sitting in secret; with the intention that the result should then be swallowed, hook, bob and sinker, by both Houses, and become the law of the land. That would be a most gorgeous and resplendent example of that "conference committee legislation" which Professor Lindsay Rogers acutely analyzed and condemned in an article in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW of last March. And the unique glory of the thing is that nobody seems to be altogether pleased with the bill in either its first or second or yet its prospective third estate; unless indeed it be Representative Fordney and Senator McCumber, its sponsors; neither of whom is to be reëlected to the next Congress! Not the least significant feature of the case is the increasing inclination of those in control to withhold final action on the bill until after the November election; upon which comment would be superfluous.

The death of Lord Northcliffe closes a career at once romantic and pragmatic almost beyond imagination, and removes one of the great, outstanding figures which the world could least well afford to lose. One of the most impressive tributes to him is implied in the simple fact that the ownership and direction of

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The London Times formed only a minor part of his multifarious labors. His connection with that paper was one of his last engagements, but is the one for which he will be most remembered; in the illustrious roll which includes the names of the Walters, who hesitated not to criticize the immoralities of the Prince of Wales and of Royal Dukes; of Barnes and Sterling, who won the name of "Thunderer"; and of Delane who, in a service of unrivalled duration, caused *The Times* to be known as "the leading journal of the world." Easily *primus inter pares* in the newspaper world, he more than any other man of his generation incarnated the veritable Genius of the Press. By his labors and achievements in the World War he made civilization and humanity his everlasting debtors.

We may not revere the American Academy of Arts and Letters as our Gallic cousins do their Immortal Forty. It is young yet, founded only in 1904. Yet a glance at the exquisite little *Book of Record* which it has just issued *in memoriam* affords grateful reminder that this country can boast a company of men and women "of light and leading" not unworthy to be compared with those of any other land. Of the fifty-one former members, now deceased, here enrolled, there is not one who did not add distinction to the art and letters, not only of America but of the world. It is with pardonable pride that among them we may observe two former editors of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, while probably a majority of them were contributors to the pages of this magazine.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE JEWS. By Hilaire Belloc. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

It is the frankness of Hilaire Belloc's discussion of the Jewish problem—a frankness as interesting as it is devoid of indelicacy—that gives the principal value to his book. This value is limited, on the other hand, by the fact that the problems, being one of social attitudes rather than tangible political or economic factors, is not subject to regulation in the ordinary sense. There is no public programme to be advocated; the book will do good just so far as it influences the attitudes of individuals.

The Jewish problem, declares the author, exists and cannot be successfully ignored. The method of nineteenth century Liberalism—that of regarding the Jew as a citizen of the country in which he happened to reside, indistinguishable from other citizens except in the peculiarity of his religion and social customs—cannot be maintained, because it contradicts the facts. It is of no use to pretend that the Jew is a member of the French or English nation when all the time he is really a member of the Jewish nation. This method of ignoring the truth has proved feasible for so long as it has done so, only because of specially favorable conditions, and there is no reason for regarding it as a permanent solution. It has worked no longer than have other solutions. Invariably, in the past, the Jewish problem has passed through a certain cycle. First there have been tolerance and even welcome; then, as the Jews became more numerous and more powerful, there have been unrest and dissatisfaction; and finally there have been intolerance and persecution. In England, and perhaps in the United States, the second stage has been reached, and the third stage may not be far off.

Mr. Belloc does not define very concretely what he means by Jewish nationality; one would judge from his discussions that it has no important political aspect, and so the nationality or racial solidarity of the Jews (for these two expressions seem to mean the same thing) seems to be just a factor in what is essentially a social question—a problem of living together.

The ultimate cause of dissension would seem to be a kind of instinctive intolerance between two groups persistently differing in certain more or less indefinable ways as to culture and ideals. The Jew has moral courage, for example, and so, we think, have we. But manifestations of this virtue on the part of the Jew are apt to appear to us in the light of arrogance or obtuseness. Our courage, on the other hand, may appear to the Jew in a no more favorable light. It may seem to him, perhaps, to be mere weakness or folly. The differences are endless and yet so complex and variable that they can scarcely be stated in terms sufficiently exact to avoid unjust implications.

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Under these circumstances mutual tolerance between the majority of Jews and the majority of Gentiles—a tolerance based upon a thorough understanding of each other's point of view—would seem an ideal scarcely possible of realization.

But apart from this general cause there are certain special causes of friction which the author enumerates. These are, upon the Jewish side, the expression of superiority and a reliance upon secrecy; upon our side, an equal expression of superiority and a deep-rooted disingenuousness in our attitude toward and dealing with the Jew.

The remedies proposed are of an extremely general nature. The first is "the determination to speak of the Jewish people as openly, as continuously, with as much interest, with as close an examination, as we speak of any other foreign body with which we are brought in contact". The second is "to avoid in the individual public recognition of those with whom we must live, all futile anger and all mere reaction".

All this is perhaps as good general advice as can be given; yet it implies a counsel of perfection. We are to get rid of intolerance by not permitting ourselves to be intolerant. At the same time we are to cultivate frankness; we are not to prepare the materials for an explosion by repressing our real dislikes or aversions through fear or any other motive. The author is especially insistent upon this point. "The suppression of resentment, though that suppression is the act of the men who themselves feel the resentment and not directly of their opponents, is a fierce irritant and accounts for the high pressure at which the attack escapes when once it is loosened." But this last-mentioned recommendation does not make the problem any easier; on the contrary it makes it harder. It is, on the whole, more reasonable to expect that a person will learn tolerance than that, while feeling intolerance and resentment, he will acquire the mentality to give these feelings a just and measured expression.

There is, then, no panacea, no real programme. We are left simply with certain rather obvious moral principles. But Mr. Belloc's book, by virtue of its frankness, its clear statement of facts that are frequently blinked, its accurate appreciation of difficulties and of differing points of view, should make the application of these principles somewhat easier. In this view, it seems that the book might have been even better if its author had ventured to be rather more concrete and a little less cautious. As it is, one feels that there is a trifle too much moral reasoning in the book—reasoning of a rather obvious and elaborate sort. The average reader goes out "by that same door wherein he went", but he is grateful for the formulation of the problem, for the facts and for the statement of authoritative general impressions that are as good as facts.

An Introduction to World Politics. By Herbert Adams Gibbons. New York: The Century Company.

It is rather unfortunate that Mr. Gibbons's dissertation sets out, like so

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many books of its kind, as if it were going to be a mere compendium of the driest of dry facts. In truth, it is nothing of the sort; on the contrary it is one of the soundest and most illuminating treatises about international relations that have yet been written, though no especial brilliance of style or parade of conclusions signalizes this fact. The excellence of the author's point of view and general method may perhaps best be indicated by saying that no writer has more successfully than he digested his economic determinism. This doctrine makes him, as it were, cynical as regards the past, yet leaves him rationally hopeful. This is as it should be. The time has come when hardly anything seems more important than that we should be able to look back upon the war and upon the whole era preceding it without illusions.

Through the detailed account given in these pages one sees the game of world politics, influenced by the developments of the industrial era, for what it really is: "The science of government as practised in international relations, under the influence of real or fancied interests in other than neighboring countries or those with which relations of reciprocal advantage are naturally maintained." Its aim is "to enjoy, exclusively, the fruits of economic imperialism". As one reads this book, personal bias drops out of sight; specious claims and counterclaims, justifications, national aspirations, and even "ideals" are ironed out. The reason is that we are not merely comparing the relative justice of the policies of two nations or groups of nations, but are studying world politics as a whole; and though there is not a word of polemic in Mr. Gibbons's book, it is astonishing how wretched a business the facts make the whole system of world politics to have been.

The author is scrupulously just and quite unsparing. The question of Germany's special war guilt scarcely comes within his province. Not in justification of her provocation of the World War, but as a simple deduction from the facts, he writes: "In going to Tangier and in forcing the conference of Algeciras, Germany had laid down the principle that there must be equal opportunities for Germans in independent countries, and had demonstrated that she was prepared to enforce this principle. When one considers the remarkable growth in population and the industrial and maritime evolution, this attitude cannot be wondered at, much less condemned." However much we may prefer the Allied war aims to those of Germany, we must recognize that the understanding between Great Britain and France is not an idealistic arrangement. "The facts of Anglo-French relations prove that the Entente Cordiale is the result of a realization of common interests, which came when the statesmen of the two nations concluded that the prosperity and increasing power of Germany were more to be feared by both Great Britain and France than the prosperity and power of each were to be feared by the other." Even American participation in the World War "followed the great law of history, which is that peoples fight when they feel themselves menaced in their security and prosperity, and not until then". To say that the avowed motives—the vindication of principles of peace and justice against selfish autocratic power,

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the fight for democracy, rights of small nations, and universal domination of right by consent of free peoples—to say that these were insincerely held or were not worth fighting for, or that they were wrongly invoked as motives for fighting against the Germans, would of course be utterly false. Yet the fact remains that "the Entente Powers had begun the war with the proclamation of those very principles almost three years earlier". Either these principles were not deemed by the American people sufficiently important to fight for, or the nation and its leaders had as a whole been unaware that they were the issues at stake until the beginning of 1917.

What, then, of ideals? They have influence, but they are normally conditioned by economic conditions, and this is not a moral principle but a historic law. After the war we had a treaty which applied the high moral principles professed by the Allies to the defeated enemy, but did not make them binding upon the victors. There has been no improvement; there is not likely to be any until nations begin to recognize the folly of economic imperialism, to see that the game is not worth the candle. Now, thinks Mr. Gibbons, if Germany, excluded as she is from all participation in world politics, should nevertheless prove capable of again becoming a prosperous nation, the lesson would not be lost upon the other peoples of the world. Meanwhile the partial success of the Washington Conference is a cheering sign of the times.

Mr. Gibbons is far removed in spirit from those who hold that because there is necessarily a struggle for the survival of the fittest between nations as between individuals, therefore we should accept this fact as a sort of divine ordinance and play the brute game as brutally as possible. No, the right ought to prevail. The question is only of the way in which it can prevail in a human society governed by economic laws. We are, then, to be moral opportunists in a world the economic determinism of which we must fully realize.

This seems a reasonable point of view. At all events the conclusions which Mr. Gibbons reaches regarding the principal moot points—the significance of the Russian Revolution, the policies of President Wilson, the Treaty of Versailles—seem eminently sane, clear, and unhesitating.

THE CLASH. By Storm Jameson. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

It is not because one's national pride is offended by any false portraiture that one regards as absurd the putting forth of Storm Jameson's *The Clash* as a study in the conflict between the English and the American temperament. Doubtless there are some authentic British traits mixed up in the story. For all one knows, there may be real American traits in it, too. Traits common to both nations would seem, according to this picture, to be drunkenness, passion, foolish talk, and general immorality. But if there is anything distinctly national to be found in any of the persons Miss Jameson depicts, it is so obscured by sex, temperament, and general caprice as not to be distinguishable.

The Clash is a whirlwind of a story—no story at all. Of the plot, it is enough

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to say that it deals with the amatory adventures of a rather unusual young English woman, one of the said adventures being a liaison (after her marriage to a deserving Englishman) with a soldier from Texas. A general moral and mental demoralization, apparently the reaction of the war, is continuously depicted, and there are all sorts of incidents that apparently have no necessary relation to the main thread of the story. The author well portrays transient scenes, passing attitudes, bits of actuality keenly realized for a moment, conceived with a kind of excess of imagination. But the picture is never seen steadily from one point of view; the persons never remain long enough in one posture or in one frame of mind to enable one to judge whether they are human beings or chimæras. Indeed, persons are represented by passions, bits of jest or highflown nonsense, strained moods, unrepresentative impulses—by the most exaggerated aspects of personality, in short. Is there, may there be, something real beneath all this? One doesn't know.

Imaginative unrestraint in fiction may work out, variously, into romanticism, humor, vulgarity, brilliant but unsteady visioning of facts such as passes for witty criticism, tragedy, "with Hamlet left out"; into every kind of mental glint and sparkle, into all manner of crudities and subtleties. In *The Clash* the author's unrestrained and capricious fancy—a fancy evidently sensitive to the impact of fact yet not a slave to reality—works out into all these forms, and presents to us a dazzling but meaningless whole. Even the alleged meaning, which one suspects to be superficial enough, gets lost. The supreme quality of the story is its versatility. Seldom, if ever before, one thinks, has so much silliness and so much intuition, of a sort, been so brilliantly packed into so short a tale. The great merit of *The Clash* is that it is not dull. It affects one with a bewildered interest, but its final effect is unsatisfying. Of one of Storm Jameson's books *The London Times's* reviewer said that it was "nothing but talk, talk, talk", while a critic writing for *The London Bookman* declared that the same work "seems written with the very lifeblood of the author, with the very core of her brain fibre". Profound reflection may induce the belief that there is nothing necessarily inconsistent between these two judgments.

Chaos or Cosmos? By Edgar L. Heermance. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

Science, like religion, leads into ultimate mysteries; matter, as it is analyzed, seems to dissolve into smoke; old-fashioned physical materialism is more or less discredited; and it really seems as if, with all the exciting new ideas that we possess and with all the fine negations on which we pride ourselves, we ought to be able to construct some kind of modern version of Christianity which shall fit in with our present scientific notions, our habits, and our social conditions. Nothing drastic or revolutionary is contemplated or wanted. All that is desired is some kind of sensible working hypothesis that we can call religious and that is plainly not unscientific.

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The trouble with such attempts is that science in the last analysis refuses to validate moral or religious ideas, and that views of the universe which leave out faith and moral consciousness exercise no binding force upon the human spirit.

In Mr. Heermance's version of Jesus's teachings, there appears to be a kind of incurable Philistinism. "Happy are the gentle-men," he says, "for they will [sic] inherit the earth. That is, God's world eventually will come into possession, not of the bully but of the courteous man, who with all his ability to see opportunities and his shrewdness in grasping them, is considerate of others' rights and interested in others' welfare." Thus is religious teaching made to sound like common sense. The reconciliation of religion and science is still easier; the passing of materialism removes the only real obstacle. Only think that matter is not material in the old naïve sense of the word, and there is no longer any difficulty in regarding it as spiritual—if you are not too particular about what you mean by "spiritual". The general conception thus formed is hospitable to poetry, and there is room enough in Mr. Heermance's easy-going philosophy for the romanticism of Rousseau and Whitman. Modern astronomy does not make religious belief impossible—so let us believe. Evolution is really friendly to religion. *Pace* all difficulties connected with Pantheism, Panpsychism, and the mystery of evil, it is sufficient for us to know that God works from within. Ignoring the various antinomies in regard to the absolute, we may pleasantly believe that we "coöperate with God", whatever that may mean. The idea fits in well with our ideals of efficiency. Altruism is advantageous to the individual and in some degree necessary to the survival of communities. If anyone is not prompted by this argument to lead a better life, we may say to him, like Dogberry, that he is not the man we took him for. We must practice the "higher selfishness". Character is an asset. Prayer is an act of coöperation. "Once let the Christian realize that effort and study, attention and skill, carefulness and good management, are acts of communion, shared by God and expected to be acceptable service, and he will begin to pass the godless and evil man"—a favorite point of view with those who seem never to be quite sure whether religion is something that we use or something that uses us. The conclusion of the whole matter is clear: "Jesus's idea of the universe has proved adequate as a working hypothesis."

All of which is about as inspiring as Confucianism.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

PROHIBITION AND POPULAR SOVEREIGNTY

SIR:

I have read with interest the article in the August number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW entitled *Principles Underlying Prohibition*, by Wayne B. Wheeler. Chief Justice White stated in the specially concurring opinion in *Rhode Island v. Palmer* (253 U. S. 350, 388; the case in which seemingly the so-called Eighteenth Amendment was pretended to be attacked, upon grounds in no wise going to the real fundamental principles involved):

> I profoundly regret that in a case of this magnitude, affecting, as it does, an amendment to the Constitution dealing with the powers and duties of the national and state governments, and intimately concerning the welfare of the whole people, the Court has deemed it proper to state only ultimate conclusions, without an exposition of the reasoning by which they have been reached.
>
> I appreciate the difficulties which a solution of the cases involves and the solicitude with which the Court has approached them, but is seems to my mind that the greater the perplexities the greater the duty devolving upon me to express the reasons which have lead me to the conclusion that the amendment accomplishes and was intended to accomplish the purposes now attributed to it in the propositions concerning that subject which the Court has just announced and in which I concur.

Since Justice White thus spoke, without, however, expressing any either of his own or of the Court's reasoning therefor, it is indeed refreshing and interesting, if not very instructive, to have put for the first time in black and white by Mr. Wheeler, the leader of the Federal Prohibition forces, the reasons which he conceives to justify the Federal functionary government in attempting and pretending to go through the motions of granting to itself an entirely new and theretofore concededly unpossessed governmental power without the sovereign people of the United States (who solely and alone are the essential source, fountain-head and owner of all governmental power in America) being at all consulted or having the least thing to do with the usurption by the Federal functionary government under consideration.

Mr. Wheeler states that the "right to secure and enforce Prohibition" is based upon two fundamental principles, as follows:

> The right to secure and enforce Prohibition in any unit of government is based upon two fundamental principles which have been established by the decisions of Courts of last resort in the United States. The first one is that the people have a right to better their conditions whenever they proceed in a legal and orderly manner to accomplish that end. . . . The next important principle is that the beverage liquor traffic is so vicious in its influence and results that it has no inherent right to exist.

It is true that Mr. Wheeler pretends to make quotations from United States Supreme Court opinions without giving the case or report wherein it

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is claimed by him that the language he pretends to quote verbatim was used; and it is also noticeable that in the two single instances in which he states the report or case he mixes up his own language and puts it into the mouth of the Court as though it were the Court's own language. Such a practice is, of course, entirely unfair not merely to those who may desire to answer him, but to the Court itself. But I will not consume time to quarrel with him further on that score. The props of his entire contention can too easily be knocked from under him by the statement of a single indisputable fundamental principle (strangely entirely omitted in the arguments of attacking counsel in Palmer case), upon which this country exists as a Republic, or at any rate did prior to the so-called Eighteenth Amendment, or usurpation by Federal functionaries as it should more properly be termed. Government by functionaries in violation of the last lawfully expressed will of the sovereign People of the United States, and any true "Republic" or "republican form of government", cannot exist together and at the same time; the plain and conclusive reason being that they are diametrically and unalterably opposed the one to the other.

The one (Mr. Wheeler's so-called inherent right of government) is the "anarchistic" (*U. S. v. Williams*, 194 U. S. 279, 292–3), "Bolshevistic", foreign, monarchical doctrine, lawfully impossible in America, of "functionary or creature sovereignty", repudiated by our forefathers from the time of the War of the Revolution and Declaration of Independence by which Americans put an end, it was thought and hoped in America forever, to the ridiculous pretentions and usurpations of mere "functionaries",—at that time the British functionary King and British functionary parliament, "making believe" and "playing at" sovereignty over the people. That (erroneous) principle of "functionary sovereignty" and the "origin of monarchy and kings" and other usurpers of governmental rights, was stated thus by a well-known writer of the time of the Revolution; in a pamphlet entitled *Common Sense:*

> The chief of the band contrived to lose the name of "robber" in that of "monarch"; and hence the origin of Monarchy and Kings.

And in a certain other well-known pamphlet he well said:

> That men mean different and separate things when they talk of Constitutions and government is evident—or why are the terms distinctly and separately used? A Constitution is not the act of a government, but of a people making a government; and government without a Constitution is power without a right.
>
> All power exercised over a Nation must have some beginning. It must be either delegated or assumed. There are no other sources. All delegated power is a trust, and all assumed power is usurpation. Time does not alter the nature and quality of either. . . . The final controlling power, therefore, and the original constituting power are one and the same. . . .
>
> A government on the principles on which constitutional government arising out of society is established cannot have the right of altering itself. If it had, it would be arbitrary itself. It might make itself what it pleased; and whenever such a right is set up, it shows there is no Constitution.

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The right of reform is in the Nation (People) in its original sovereign character, and the Constitutional method would be a general Convention elected for that purpose. There is, moreover, a paradox in vitiated bodies reforming themselves.

The other (correct or American) principle, on the other hand, has been emphasized and stated so many times by the United States Supreme Court and every other court in America entitled to the name, that it seems strange that it needs to be repeated. But as Mr. Wheeler seems to confuse government and the sovereign people who created government, and who alone were competent to create government, it may not be out of place to quote from the unanimous holding of that Court in the well-known case of *Yick Wo v. Hopkins* (118 S. U. 356, 376):

Sovereignty itself is, of course, not subject to law, for it is the author and source of law; but in our system, while sovereign powers are delegated to the agencies of government, sovereignty itself remains with the people, by whom and for whom all government exists and acts.

It requires the inherent, unlimited, inalienable, indivisible, and humanly and territorially omnipotent power of the sovereign owner of all governmental power in America to make or to unmake Constitutions, State, Federal, or combined, or to grant to government, or to take from government, State, Federal or combined, any governmental power whatever. Mere governments, all, one or many, are wholly incompetent, without lawful power or jurisdiction, to do or to attempt any such thing. Why? The reason is plain; it is because governments are not themselves sovereign, and a written Constitution is nothing more nor less than the sovereign command reduced to writing. It is because the truly sovereign People of the United States, the sole and exclusive source, fountain-head and owner of all governmental powers in America, and not mere government or governmental functionaries, own all governmental power in America, State, Federal and Reserved. As stated by Chief Justice Marshall in *Semperyreac v. U. S.* (7 Peters 222, 241): it is "incontestable that a grantor can convey no more than he possesses (owns)."

As stated in *Lane County v. Oregon* (7 Wall. 71, 76), quoting from *The Federalist*, No. 46, Ford Ed. page 310: "The Federal and State governments are, in fact, but different agents and trustees of the people, constituted with different powers and designated for different purposes"; and in the same number of *The Federalist* the text immediately goes on to say:

The adversaries of the Constitution seem to have lost sight of the people altogether in their reasoning on this subject. . . . These gentlemen must be reminded of their error. They must be told that the ultimate authority, wherever the derivative may be found, resides in the people alone; and that it will not depend on . . . the different governments, whether or which of them, will be able to enlarge its sphere of jurisdiction at the expense of the other.

But it will depend, as that language of *The Federalist* in effect tells us, when it comes to "enlarging" the powers of either government at the expense of the other, upon, and solely upon, the people of the United States, truly sovereign over all governments.

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Government by functionaries in violation of the last lawfully expressed command of the sovereign People of the United States must cease, or the Republic in America is at an end, and "functionary sovereignty" has usurped and enthroned itself in the seat of the sovereign. When the truly sovereign People of America come to see and understand this, they will not endure it.

Whether or not it would be a wise thing for the Federal functionary government to have the power "to regulate" the intra-State liquor traffic, may be a fairly debatable question. But that the Federal government is not now and never has been in lawful possession of that governmental power, is as certain and unquestionable as is the principle upon which this Nation was founded, that the People alone are sovereign in America.

JOSHUA F. GROZIER.

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STABILITY IN PUBLIC SERVICE

SIR:

The interesting and valuable paper by Walter Robb in your June number on *The Plight and Hope of the Philippines* suggests the thought that our policy, or rather lack of policy, in the Philippines is now showing what some people had prophesied would come—a corrupt local government with financial chaos. Has it not occurred to you that our system of frequent changes of administration, which is our internal policy, is entirely inadequate for colonial stability? If we desire to handle our colony in a business-like way we must induce our representatives whom we send over there to take up their duties as a life work. The only nation which has made a success of handling a remote foreign dependency has been Great Britain. A young man who has ambition to do work in India announces that fact in college. He is given special studies in addition to his regular course. When graduated he is assigned to a position for life and given a fair salary with prospects of promotion. Every four years he is required to come home in summer so that a too long residence in a tropical climate will not enervate him. On retirement from age or ill health he is given a pension.

Contrast our system. Each change of administration may result in his retirement. His experience is lost and his successor starts as a raw beginner. This is similar to our consular service. New consuls every few years with small pay. English consuls are paid well, promoted, and retained in office as long as they are satisfactory.

Unless we imitate the English system and offer a permanent office to our young men who may have the ambition to take up such life, we shall get nowhere.

SIDNEY C. EASTMAN.

Pasadena, California.

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